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# AN ANTHOLOGY OF JUGOSLAV POETRY

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SERBIAN LYRICS

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<sup>60</sup> <sup>TLC</sup> EDITED BY  
DR. B. STEVENSON STANOYEVICH



BOSTON  
RICHARD G. BADGER  
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## Anthology

TRANSLITERATION OF UNUSUAL  
JUGOSLAV SCRIPT:

a = a	in	father, garden
e = e	in	men, envoy
i = i	in	tin, ill
o = o	in	son, note
u = u	in	rule, rumor
j = y	in	yoke, yes
c = ts	in	cats, lots
lj = ly	in	William, million
dj = dy	in	endure, verdure
gj = gy	in	George
nj = ny	in	Kenyon, opinion
č = tch	in	watch, catch
ć = ch	in	culture, literature
š = sh	in	ship, shade
ž = zh	in	azure, seizure
dž = dzh	in	Badger, or j in James

The rest of the letters correspond to the English sounds.



## PREFACE

"Give me the making of a nation's songs, and let who will make their laws," was the maxim of a Scottish patriot. We would prefer to modify this rule, and say, "Give us the poems which the people make for themselves, and then we shall obtain a clear insight into the national character and learn what customs and laws they are likely to accept or reject." Folk-songs are the intimate expressions of the ideas of the people. What the comic drama is to the cultured, and the music-hall to the ill-educated portions of urban population, the popular song has been, and in some countries still is, to the rural peasantry, a true exponent of their sentiments, though too frequently inaccurate in statements of facts. Critics, as is well known, have censured Lord Macaulay for his indiscriminate adoption of the vulgar and often malignant rhapsodies sung in the streets of London. But the Russian *bylina*, collected by Danilov, Rybnikov, Sreznevsky and others, may be taken as furnishing unimpeachable evidence of the state of Russia during the invasions of the Mongols and Turks. The Jacobite poems give us the real feelings of the people of Scotland for nearly an entire century. The popular and rustic strains which are handed down from the reign of Henry III have rehabilitated the memory of Simon de Montfort.

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## Preface

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Moore's Irish melodies, originally composed for the delectation of English aristocrats, have been so generally admired in his native land that they exhibit pretty clear indications of what the Irish patriots would like to do if they had the power. And the battle-hymn by Rouget de Lisle is not only popular in France, but has recently been sung by the Russian bolsheviki when marching to occupy Tsarskoe Selo and other imperial lands.

The songs to which the English form has been given in the following volume have been taken mostly from Vuk Karadžić's invaluable collection: *Srpske Narodne Pjesme* (Serbian National Songs). Karadžić, of whom the literary world has heard so much, is the father of modern Serbian literature. He spent many years among the peasants in collecting the national treasures: ballads, tales, proverbs, anecdotes and other folklore. Before his time the songs had never been reduced to written form, and were kept out of reach of the public ear. He was only able to hear them partly because of a ruse and partly in secret, when he listened with inexhaustible patience to the girls spinning, or the *guslars* (bards) trolling in taverns and at fairs, or the reapers chanting at their work. In the preface of his first book of *Srpske Narodne Pjesme* Karadžić tells us that in Serbia two sorts of popular poetry exist—the historical ballads, and popular songs of a character which caused them to be described as *ženske pjesme* (women's songs) chanted by country folk, both men and women and mostly in duet. It is the latter, *ženske pjesme*, which having been translated into English are

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## Preface

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gathered together in the following anthology, *Serbian Lyrics*.

Sir John Bowring, who unveiled to his countrymen the rich treasures of Slavic popular songs in general, is also distinguished by being the pioneer to point out the Serbian in particular. But the claims, which we, at the present day, feel ourselves entitled to make on a translator, are very different from those current in Bowring's time. Correctness and fidelity are now considered necessary requisites in a good translation, just as antiquarian exactness is expected in the publication of an old manuscript.

Jugoslav lyric poetry is divided into several groups, as, for instance, one grouping contains poems concerning marriage. These songs tell of the beauty of the bride, of her joy and sorrow before departure from the home of her parents, as well as her feelings upon other occasions during wedlock. There are poems belonging to the group of bacchanalian songs, pronounced during the toast, and resounding with many refrains. Then there are lamentations (*tužbalice*) which are mostly provincial, from Montenegro and Dalmatia. They are also accompanied by refrains, expressing sorrow after the death of some loved one, and extolling the virtues of the deceased, or the great misfortune felt by those left behind. All this emotion is described very fitly and in a touching manner. Further, there are poems commemorating the holy seasons and "red-letter days," as *svečarske pjesme* sung on the *Slava* celebration of some *svetac* (saint). To the same grouping belong Christmas

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## Preface

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poems hailing the glory of the Christ, and depicting the customs of that season (*koledo*). Saints, such as Sts. John, George, Peter, and others, have their own eulogies. There are besides poems exalting the Holy Ghost (*kraljičke pjesme*). *Dodole*, which originated from old customs of heathenism, are sung during the summer droughts. Others are reapers' songs, mostly sung at *prelo* time (social gatherings). There are poems that are connected neither with marriage, nor death, nor harvests, but which treat of mythological or religious subjects; they are called *pobožne*, describing the spiritual virtues of the Virgin, or the Christ, or the apostles. Here are also to be found humoristic and satirical compositions, directed against women, or especially against monks, widows, and old bachelors. They are as a rule sprightly songs and piquant, pleasant and witty.

Critics who have written of the Serbian national songs declare that they are characterized by extreme delicacy both of feeling and workmanship, and that they are noble in their childlike purity, simple treatment of, and sympathy with, every phase of natural human experience. But these Serbian songs have quite a peculiar character of their own. They are directly, passionately, fiercely human, and rich with poetic sympathy. Love, glory, sorrow, death—are the themes constantly handled in a thousand weird and poetic phrases. There is a strong Indian flavor of the joy of rest in Mother Earth; and again, a keen thirst for the fight which smacks of the men who lived with Moslems around them. Although these chants occasionally recall

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## Preface

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something of the martial lilt of old Spanish ballads, they have an individual original turn which cannot be compared with any extant popular poetry. They have the uncanny mystery of the Celtic tales of love in death, which is very rare.

The love songs of the Yugoslav lands have a dreamy, calm and exalted sweetness that reminds us of the Alps and the Cevennes. Among these the Bosnian *sevdalinke* (love songs of Bosnia) are especially worthy of remark, for they are full of emotion, yearning and tender passion. The greater warmth of the songs of Herzegovina and Montenegro is owing more to the sonorous language than to any superiority in melody. Here are mostly to be found *tužbalice*. As to Dalmatia, Croatia and Slovenia, their melodies are chiefly marked by simplicity and a feeling for the domestic side of life. Bačka and Banat, blessed with much open air and sunshine, possess no love-songs in the strict sense of the term; but they have *serenade* and *poskočice*, although for these there is little or no original melody. To the light-minded and bright-witted singers of these provinces imagination is easier than memory.

A country very rich in melody is Serbia. Here one may find a truer and more intense musical feeling, a stronger love of the soil, and more sincere devotion to the beauty of nature, especially of spring and summer, than in any other part of Jugoslavia. The love songs of Serbia seem to have a special inspiration of their own. We may hear the shepherds singing in green pastures and among the fir-woods, or in the silence of the mountains. From



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## *Preface*

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the vineyards, from the fair and dances, and from the daily round of work the strains arise. Everywhere that youth is seen a poem is heard, and every occupation is accompanied by a song.

We cannot, however, leave this part of our subject without mentioning some of the burlesque poems, which the Jugoslavs possess in great number, partly narrative and partly lyric. The Americans are accustomed to think of the Jugoslavs and their kinsmen as grave and sombre, or, when their passions are excited, prone to deeds of tragic violence. Those who are better acquainted with them know full well that they are as loquacious and sarcastically sportive in their social gatherings as any nation, and many of their verses are redolent of these qualities. They display all the gradations of the comic, from the diverting simplicity of the innocent confession of an enamoured girl, together with the ludicrous situation and disappointed vanity of her cheated lover, up to a strain of bitter satire and merciless irony. Poems marked by that simplicity which borders between the touching and the humorous are also represented in this volume. Such is the song, "Trouble with the Husband":

I married last year,  
This year I repent.  
Bad husband have I,  
With temper like nettle:  
My lot I resent.

The frost kills the nettle,  
But this husband of mine,  
He thinks the frost fine:  
By the stove all day long

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*Preface*

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He does nothing but sit,  
And says that the frost  
He minds not one bit!

In Celovec 'tis market-day,  
'Tis market-day to-morrow;  
I will take my husband there,  
And will either there him change,  
Or else will sell him at the fair.

Not too cheap I'll let him go,  
Because he was so hard to get;  
Rather than too cheaply sell him,  
Back home again I'll take the man,  
And love him—howsomuch I can!

The western world has already heard of the rich mine of Yugoslav folk-literature. Nevertheless, comparatively speaking, only a very small number have been translated into English. The extreme simplicity of these verses, the peculiar character of the Serbian language, with its melodiously protracted words, its pompously sonorous sounds, and its harmonious diffuseness, all render it exceedingly difficult to translate Serbian lyrics without encountering the danger of making constant additions; especially when rendering it into a language with so many monosyllabic words, and so philosophically condensed, as the English.

MILIVOY STANOYEVICH.

New York, 1920.



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I

THE CURSE <sup>1</sup>

I HEARD a sprightly swallow say  
To a gray cuckoo t'other day,—  
"Thou art a happy bird indeed;  
Thou dost not in the chimney breed,  
Thou dost not hear the eternal jarring,  
Of sisters and step-sisters warring;  
Their woes and grievances rehearsing,  
Cursing themselves, and others cursing.  
A young step-sister once I saw,  
Foul language at the elder throw;  
"Perdition's daughter! hence depart;  
Thou hast no fruit beneath thy heart."  
And thus the elder one replied:  
"Curse thy perverseness and thy pride!  
Mihailo is a son of thine;  
Now thou shalt bring forth daughters nine,  
And madness shall their portion be.  
Thy son shall cross the parting sea;  
He never shall return to thee,  
But, bathed in blood and wounded, pine!"  
And thus she cursed;—the curse was true; <sup>2</sup>  
Her sister's nine fair daughters grew;  
And madness seized them,—seized them all:  
Mihailo,—far away, and wounded,  
By solitude and woe surrounded,  
I heard him on his mother call:

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*An Anthology of Yugoslav Poetry*

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"O mother! mother! send me now  
A bandage of that snowy linen  
Which you so thoughtlessly were spinning,  
When curses wander'd to and fro.  
In your rage you wove it,—now remove it;  
Tear it for bandages, as you tore  
Love and affection all asunder.  
Where it was bleach'd thy son lies under;  
With it cover his hot wounds o'er.  
Rend it, mother; and send it, mother!  
May it thy suffering son restore!"

S. J. B.

II

FAREWELL <sup>3</sup>

AGAINST white Buda's walls, a vine  
Doth its white branches fondly twine;  
O, no! it was no vine-tree there;  
It was a fond, a faithful pair,  
Bound each to each in earliest vow—  
And, O! they must be severed now!  
And these their farewell words:—"We part—  
Break from my bosom—break—my heart!  
Go to a garden—go, and see,  
Some rose-branch blushing on the tree;  
And from that branch of rose-flower tear,  
Then place it on thy bosom bare;  
And as its leaflets fade and pine,  
So fades my sinking heart in thine."  
And thus the other spoke: "My love!  
A few short paces backward move,  
And to the verdant forest go;  
There's a fresh water-fount below;  
And in the fount a marble stone,  
Which a gold cup reposes on;  
And in the cup a ball of snow—  
Love! take that ball of snow to rest  
Upon thine heart within thy breast.  
And as it melts unnoticed there,  
So melts my heart in thine, my dear!"  
S. J. B.

III

THE VIOLET <sup>4</sup>

HOW captivating is to me,  
Sweet flower! thine own young modesty!  
Though did I pluck thee from thy stem,  
There's none would wear thy purple gem.  
I thought, perchance, that Ali Bey—  
But he is proud and lofty—nay!  
He would not prize thee—would not wear  
A flower so feeble though so fair:  
His turban for its decorations  
Had full blown roses and carnations.  
S. J. B.

IV

SMILIA <sup>5</sup>

SWEET Smilia-flowers did Smilia pull,  
Her sleevelets and her bosom full;  
By the cool stream she gather'd them,  
And twined her many a diadem—  
A diadem of flowery-wreaths;—  
One round her brows its fragrance breathes;  
One to her bosom-friend she throws;  
The other where the streamlet flows  
She flings, and says in gentlest tone—  
"Swim on, thou odorous wreath! swim on,  
Swim to my Juris' home, and there  
O whisper in his mother's ear:

'Say, wilt thou not thy Juris wed?—  
Then give him not a widow's bed;  
But some sweet maiden, young and fair.'"  
S. J. B.

V

HARVEST SONG

TAKE hold of your reeds, youths and maidens! and  
see

Who the kissers and kiss'd of the reapers shall be.  
Take hold of your reeds, till the secret be told,  
If the old shall kiss young, and the young shall kiss  
old

Take hold of your reeds, youths and maidens! and  
see

What fortune and chance to the drawers decree:  
And if any refuse, may God smite them—may they  
Be cursed by Paraskeva, the saint of to-day!

Now loosen your hands—now loosen, and see  
Who the kissers and kiss'd of the reapers shall be. <sup>6</sup>

S. J. B.

VI

MAIDEN'S PRAYER

BEAUTY'S maiden thus invoked the Heavens:  
"Send me down a whirlwind! let it scatter  
Yonder stony tower—its halls lay open!  
Let me look on Gerčić Manoilo.



If the otter on his knee is playing—  
If the falcon sits upon his shoulder—  
If the rose is blooming on his kalpak." <sup>7</sup>  
What she pray'd for speedily was granted:  
And a storm-wind came across the ocean;  
And the stony tower fell down before it:  
And she look'd on Gerčić Manoilo:  
Saw the otter on his knees disporting:  
Saw the falcon sitting on his shoulder:  
Saw the rose upon his kalpak blooming.  
S. J. B.

## VII

### KISSES

WHAT'S the time of night, my dear?  
For my maiden said, "I'll come"—  
Said "I'll come,"—but is not here:  
And 'tis now the midnight's gloom.  
Lone and silent home I turn'd;  
But upon the bridge I met her—  
Kiss'd her: How my hot lips burned!—  
How forget it—how forget her!  
In one kiss full ten I drew:  
And upon my lips there grew,  
From that hour, a honey-dew,  
As if sugar were my meat,  
And my drink metheglin sweet.  
S. J. B.

VIII

HARVEST SONG

LORD and master! let us homewards, let us homewards haste:

Far, far distant are our dwellings—far across the waste.<sup>8</sup>

Some have aged mothers threat'ning—"Ne'er allow another:"

Some male-children<sup>9</sup> in the cradle, crying for their mother;

Some impatient lovers chiding;—dearer they than brother.

S. J. B.

IX

CURSE

THE maiden cursed her raven eyes,  
She cursed them for their treacheries.

"Be blinded now, to you if heaven  
All that is visible has given!

If ye see all, ye traitors, say

Why saw ye not my love to-day:—

He pass'd my door,—but, truants, ye

Gave not the gentlest hint to me.

He had a nosegay in his hand,—

He wore a gold embroider'd band.<sup>10</sup>

“ ’Twas made by other hands than mine!  
Upon it wreathing branches twine:  
May every branch embroidered there,  
A miserable heart-wound bear;—  
Upon each branch, may every leaf  
Bring and betoken toil and grief.”

X

SALUTATION OF THE MORNING STAR

LO! the maiden greets the day-star! “Sister!  
Sister star of morning! well I greet thee;  
Thou dost watch the world from thine uprising  
To thy sinking hour. In Hercegovina,  
Tell me didst thou see the princely Stephan?  
Tell me, was his snowy palace open,  
Were his steeds caparisoned, and ready;  
And was he equipp’d his bride to visit?”

Gently then the morning star responded:  
“Lovely sister! beautiful young maiden,  
True, I watch the world from my uprising  
To my setting;—and in Hercegovina  
Saw the palace of the princely Stephan;  
And that snowy palace was wide open,  
And his horse was saddled, and was ready,  
And he was equipp’d his bride to visit:  
But not thee—not thee—another maiden;  
False tongues three have whisper’d evil of thee;  
One has said—thine origin is lowly;  
One, that thou art treacherous as a serpent;  
And the third, that thou art dull and dreamy.”

Then the maiden pour'd her imprecations:  
"He who said my origin was lowly,  
Never let a child of love be born him;  
He who called me treacherous as a serpent,  
Round his heart, O! let a serpent wreath it;  
Through hot summers in his hair be tangled,  
Through cold winters in his bosom nestle;  
He who dar'd to call me dull and dreamy,  
Nine long years may he be worn by sickness,  
And no sleep renew his strength to bear it."

S. J. B.

## XI

### THE KNITTER

THE maiden sat upon the hill,  
Upon the hill and far away,  
Her fingers wove a silken cord,  
And thus I heard the maiden say:  
"O with what joy, what ready will,  
If some fond youth, some youth adored,  
Might wear thee, should I weave thee now!  
The finest gold I'd interblend,  
The richest pearls as white as snow.  
But if I knew, my silken friend,  
That an old man<sup>11</sup> should wear thee, I  
The coarsest worsted would inweave,  
Thy finest silk for dog-grass leave,  
And all thy knots with nettles tie."

XII

ROYAL CONVERSE

THE king from the queen an answer craves;  
"How shall we now employ our slaves?"  
The maidens in fine embroidery,  
The widows shall spin flax-yarn for me,  
And the men shall dig in the fields for thee.

The king from the queen an answer craves,  
"How shall we, lady, feed our slaves?"  
The maidens shall have the honey-comb sweet,  
The widows shall feed on the finest wheat,  
And the men of maize-meal bread shall eat.

The king from the queen an answer craves;  
"Where for the night shall rest our slaves?"  
The maidens shall sleep in the chambers high,  
The widows on mattress'd beds shall lie,  
And the men on the nettles under the sky.  
S. J. B.

XIII

ROSA

UNDER roses slept the maiden Rosa,  
And a rose fell down and waken'd Rosa;  
To the flower-rose, said the maiden Rosa—  
"Rose of mine! O fall, not on the maiden,  
I am in no tune of soul to love thee,  
For a heavy grief o'erwhelms my spirit;  
Youth would have me—but old age hath won me.  
An old bridegroom is a worthless maple;  
When the wind is up it faints and trembles;  
When the rain descends, decay decays it:  
But a young bride, is a roselet budding;  
When the wind is up, its fair leaves open,  
When the rain descends, it shines in beauty,—  
When the sun comes forth, it smiles and glories."

S. J. B.

XIV

THE MAIDEN AND THE SUN

A MAIDEN proudly thus the sun accosted:  
"Sun! I am fairer far than thou,—far fairer;  
Fairer than is thy sister<sup>12</sup> or thy brethren,—  
Fairer than yon bright moon at midnight shining,  
Fairer than yon gay star in heav'n's arch twinkling,  
That star, all other stars preceding proudly,  
As walks before his sheep the careful shepherd."

The sun complain'd to God of such an insult:  
"What shall be done with this presumptuous  
maiden?"

And to the sun God gave a speedy answer:  
"Thou glorious Sun! thou my beloved daughter!"<sup>13</sup>  
Be joyous yet! say, why art thou dejected?  
Wilt thou reward the maiden for her folly—  
Shine on, and burn the maiden's snowy forehead.  
But I a gloomier dowry yet will give her;  
Evil to her shall be her husband's brother;  
Evil to her shall be her husband's father.  
Then shall she think upon the affront she gave thee."  
S. J. B.

## XV

### THE MAIDEN'S WISH

IF I had, ah Laso!  
All the emp'ror's treasures,  
Well I know, ah Laso!  
What with these I'd purchase;  
I would buy, ah Laso!  
Garden on the Sava;  
Well I know, ah Laso!  
What my hands would plant there;  
I would plant, ah Laso!  
Hyacinths, carnations.  
If I had, ah Laso!



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All the emp'ror's treasures,  
Well I know, ah Laso!  
What with these I'd purchase;  
I would buy, ah Laso!  
I would purchase Laso,  
He should be, ah Laso!  
Gardener in my Garden.

S. J. B.

XVI

THE FALCON

THE falcon soars both far and high,  
He spreads his pinions in the sky;  
Then from his cloudy heights he lowers,  
And seats him on the city's towers:  
He sees a laughing girl of grace,  
In crystal water bathe her face;  
And looks with open, eager eye  
Upon her neck of ivory:  
White as the snow upon the mountain;  
And there he hears a youth recounting  
His tale of love.—“Now bend thy head  
Upon thy snowy neck,” he said;  
“Its whiteness is too bright for me:  
And 'neath it sorrowing heart may be.”

S. J. B.

XVII

DEER AND VILA

A YOUNG deer tracked his way through the green  
forest,  
One lonely day—another came in sadness;  
And the third dawn'd, and brought him sighs and  
sorrow:  
Then he address'd him to the forest Vila:  
"Young deer!" she said, "thou wild one of the  
forest,  
Now tell me what great sorrow has oppress'd thee?  
Why wanderest thou thus in the forest lonely:  
Lonely one day,—another day in sadness,—  
And the third day with sighs and anguish groan-  
ing?"

And thus the young deer to the Vila answer'd:  
"O thou sweet sister! Vila of the forest!  
Me has indeed a heavy grief befallen;  
For I had once a fawn, mine own beloved,  
And one sad day she sought the running water:  
She enter'd it, but came not back to bless me:  
Then tell me, had she lost her way and wander'd?  
Was she pursued and captured by the huntsman?  
Or has she left me?—has she wholly left me?—  
Loving some other deer—and I forgotten.  
O! if she has but lost her way, and wanders,  
Teach her to find it—bring her back to love me.  
O! if she has been captured by the huntsman,  
Then may a fate as sad as mine await him.

But if she has forsaken me—if, faithless,  
She loves another deer—and I forgotten—  
Then may the huntsman speedily o'er take her."  
S. J. B.

XVIII

VIRGIN AND WIDOW

OVER Sarajevo flies a falcon,  
Looking round for cooling shade to cool him.  
Then he finds a pine on Sarajevo;  
Under it a well of sparkling water;  
By the water, Hyacinth, the widow,  
And the Rose, the young, unmarried virgin.  
He look'd down—the falcon—and bethought him:  
"Shall I kiss grave Hyacinth, the widow;  
Or the Rose, the young, unmarried virgin?"  
Thinking thus—at last the bird determined—  
And he whisper'd to himself sedately,  
"Gold—though long employ'd, is far, far better  
Than the finest silver freshly melted,"  
So he kiss'd—kiss'd Hyacinth, the widow.  
Very wroth wax'd then young Rose, the virgin:  
"Sarajevo! let a ban be on thee!  
Cursed be thy strange and evil customs!  
For thy youths they love the bygone widows,  
And thy aged men the untried virgins."  
S. J. B.

XIX

NIGHTINGALES

ALL the night two nightingales were singing  
At the window of th' affianced maiden;  
And th' affianced maiden thus address'd them:  
"Tell me, ye two nightingales, O tell me!  
Are ye brothers? are ye brothers' children?"

Thus the nightingales made speedy answer:  
"Brothers are we not, nor brothers' children:  
We are friends—friends of the verdant forest.  
Once we had another friend—another—  
But that friend is lost to us for ever.  
We have heard that nuptial bliss awaits him;  
And we came the youthful bride to look on,  
And to offer her a golden spindle,  
With the flax of Egypt bound around it."  
S. J. B.

XX

THE RING

THE streamlet ripples through the mead, beneath  
the maple tree;  
There came a maiden that stream to draw—a lovely  
maid was she;  
From the white walls of old Belgrade that maid  
came smilingly.

Young Mirko saw, and offer'd her a golden fruit  
and said:  
"O take this apple, damsel fair! and be mine own  
sweet maid!"  
She took the apple—flung it back—and said, in  
angry tone,  
"Neither thine apple, Sir! nor thee—presumptuous  
boy, be gone!"

The streamlet ripples through the mead, beneath the  
maple tree;  
There came a maid that stream to draw—a lovely  
maid was she;  
From the white walls of old Belgrade that maid  
came smilingly.

Young Mirko saw, and proffer'd her a golden  
brooch, and said:  
"O take this brooch, thou damsel fair! and be mine  
own sweet maid!"

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She took the brooch, and flung it back and said, in  
    peevish tone,  
"I'll neither have thee nor thy brooch—presumptu-  
    ous boy, be gone!"

The streamlet ripples through the mead, beneath  
    the maple tree;  
There came a maid that stream to draw—the love-  
    liest maid was she;  
From the white walls of old Belgrade that maid  
    came smilingly.

Young Mirko saw, and proffer'd her a golden-ring,  
    and said:  
"O take this ring, my damsel fair! and be mine own  
    sweet maid!"  
She took the ring—she slipp'd it on—and said, in  
    sprightliest tone,  
"I'll have thee and thy golden ring, and be thy  
    faithful one."

S. J. B.

XXI

THE FRATRICIDE

BETWEEN two mountains sank the sun—  
Between two maids the enamour'd one.  
He gave his kiss to one alone;  
The other maid grew jealous then:  
"Most faithless thou of faithless men!"

She said—and he replied—"Fair maid!  
I fain would kiss thy cheeks of red,  
But thou hast got a bickering brother,  
Who loves to quarrel with another,  
And I no quarrel seek, my love!"

She hied her to the darksome grove—  
Silent—she turn'd o'er many a rock,  
And look'd 'neath many a broken stock;  
Probed weeds and briars, till she found  
A poisonous serpent on the ground.  
She smote it with her golden ring,  
Tore from its mouth the venomous fang;  
Its poisonous juice her hands did wring  
Into a wine cup—and she sprang  
On swiftest feet to Raduli—

Her own—her only brother he—  
Her hands the fatal cup supplied—  
He drank the poison—and he died.

Then sped she to the youth—"A kiss—  
At least one kiss of love for this—  
For this—for thee—I dress'd the cup  
With poison—and he drank it up—  
The brother that thou lov'st not—he  
I poison'd for a kiss from thee"—

Away! away! thou murd'rous maid!  
Avaunt! Avaunt!—the lover said:  
"What fame—what courage could confide  
In thee—a heartless fratricide"

S. J. B.

XXII

LOVE

THE youth he struck on the tambourine,  
And nought was so bright as its golden sheen;  
Of the hair of maidens twined together  
Its strings, which he struck with a falcon's feather.  
The maid look'd down from the balcony,  
And thus to her inner self said she:—

“O heaven! what a noble youth is he!  
Would'st thou but give this youth to me,  
I would make of the garden-pinks his bed,  
I would lay fair roses under his head;  
And waked by perfume, with what delight  
Would he kiss the maiden's forehead white!”  
S. J. B.

XXIII

MAPLE TREE

O THOU brotherly maple tree!  
Wilt thou be a friend to me?  
Be a brother, and a friend!  
To the green grass thy branches bend,  
That I may climb to their highest tip!  
Look o'er the sea, and see the ship,  
Where my lover sits smiling now;



He binds the turban round his brow,  
And over his shoulders the shawl he flings,  
Which is full of mine own embroiderings.  
For three long years my hands inwove  
Those golden flowers to deck my love:  
The richest silk of the brightest dyes  
I work'd for him, and now my eyes  
Would fain my absent lover see:  
Assist me, brotherly maple tree!  
And tell me, if he thinks of me!

S. J. B.

## XXIV

### SEMENDRIAN BEAUTY

LOVELY maiden of Semendria!  
Hail thee, youth! and health be with thee!  
Hast thou visited the markets?  
Saw'st thou there a sheet of paper?  
Like that paper is my forehead.  
Hast thou ever seen the vineyard,  
Seen the rosy wine that flows there?  
Youth! my cheeks that wine resemble.  
Didst thou ever walk the meadows,  
Hast thou seen the black sloe-berry?  
That black sloe my eyes will paint thee:  
Hast thou wandered near the ocean?  
Hast thou seen the *pjavica*?<sup>14</sup>  
Like it are the maiden's eye-brows.

S. J. B.

XXV

SELF-ADMIRATION

A MAIDEN to the fountain went;  
I saw her overhang the place—  
And—she was young and innocent—  
I heard her say with simple grace,  
“Indeed she has a pretty face;  
And if she had a spring-flower wreath,  
How well ’twould sit upon her brow;  
And she might hear the shepherd breathe,  
Yes! thou shalt be my maiden now!  
The shepherd—’midst his fleecy drove,  
Goes like a moon the stars above.”

S. J. B.

XXVI

ASSIGNATION

MAIDEN! let us share each other’s kisses!  
Tell me, tell me, where shall be our meeting,  
In thy garden, or in mine, sweet maiden?  
Under thine, or under my green rose-tree;  
Thou shalt be a rose, my gentle angel:  
I to a fond butterfly will change me,  
Everlastingly o’er thee to flutter—  
On thy flowers untired I will suspend me,  
Living blest upon mine own love’s kisses.

S. J. B.

XXVII

FOOLISH VOW

THE maiden made a foolish vow:  
"I'll never wear a flow'ret now:—  
No flow'ret shall be ever mine—  
I'll never drink the proffer'd wine.  
No wine I'll drink—no friend I'll kiss  
No, never more—my vow is this."  
So rashly, rashly spoke the maid,  
But soon—ah, soon—repentance said:

"A flowery garland o'er me,  
How beautiful 'twould be:  
And wine—it would restore me,  
My heart's own gaiety:  
And love might play before,  
If one sweet kiss were free."  
S. J. B.

XXVIII

VILAS

VISNJA,<sup>15</sup> lovely višnja!  
Lift thy branches higher;  
For beneath thy branches,  
Vilas<sup>16</sup> dance delight:  
While Radiša<sup>17</sup> dashes  
From the flow'rs the dewdrops.

Vilas two conveying,  
To the third he whispers:  
"O be mine, sweet Vila!  
Thou, with mine own mother,  
In the shade shalt seat thee;  
Silken vestments spinning,  
Weaving golden garments."

S. J. B.

XXIX

LEPOTA <sup>18</sup>

LEPOTA went forth to the harvest—she held  
A sickle of silver in fingers of gold:  
And the sun mounted high o'er the parched harvest  
field;  
And the maiden in song all her sympathies told,  
"I'll give my white forehead to him who shall bind  
All the sheaves which my sickle leaves scatter'd be-  
hind:  
I'll give my black eyes to the friend who shall bring  
A drought of sweet waters just fresh from the  
spring;  
And to him who shall bear me to rest in the shade,  
I will be—and for aye—an affectionate maid.  
And she thought that her words were all wasted in  
air:  
But a shepherd—just watching his sheepfold, was  
there;  
And he flew, and with sedges he bound all the  
sheaves;

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And he made her an arbor of hazelwood leaves;  
And he ran to the spring, and he brought the sweet  
water;  
And he look'd on the face of Beauty's young daughter,  
And he said, "Lovely maiden, thy promise I claim;"  
But the cheeks of the maiden were cover'd with  
shame,  
And she said to the shepherd, while blushing—"Not  
so!  
Go back to thy sheepfold—thou wanderer, go!  
For if thou didst bind the loose sheaves, thou hast  
left  
Thy sheep in the stubble, to wander bereft;  
And if from the fountain the water thou beared'st,  
Its freshness and coolness thou equally shared'st;  
And if thou hast reared up an arbor of shade,  
For thyself as for me it refreshment has made."  
S. J. B.

XXX

IMPRECATIONS

THROUGH the long night a falcon cried,  
"Awake, awake thee! youth! anon  
Thy maiden will become a bride:  
She puts her marriage garments on,  
Awake! awake thee, youth! and send  
A marriage blessing to thy friend."

"What! shall I be a marriage guest?  
And shall I bid the maid be blest?  
Hear then my marriage blessing hear!  
No son her barren womb shall bear:  
May every bit of bread she breaks  
Bring with it wretchedness and woe,—  
For every drop her thirst that slakes  
May tears of bitter anguish flow!"

S. J. B.

XXXI

SECRETS DIVULGED

TWO lovers kiss each other in the meadows;  
They think that no one sees the fond betrayal,  
But the green meadows see them, and are faithless;  
To the white flocks incontinent they say all;  
And the white flocks proclaim it to the shepherd,  
The shepherd to a high-road traveller brings it  
He to a sailor on the restless ocean tells it,  
The sailor to his spice-ship thoughtless sings it;  
The spice-ship whispers it upon the waters,  
The waters rush to tell the maiden's mother.

And thus impassioned spoke the lovely maiden—  
"Meadows! of spring-days never see another!  
Flocks! may the cruel ravenous wolves destroy ye.  
Thee, shepherd! may the cruel Moslem slaughter.  
Wanderer! may oft thy slippery footsteps stumble.  
Thee, sailor! may the ocean billows smother.  
Ship! may a fire unquenchable consume thee;  
And sink into the earth, thou treacherous water!"

S. J. B.

XXXII

WISHES

O THAT I were a little stream,  
That I might flow to him—to him!  
How should I dance with joy, when knowing  
To whom my sparkling wave was flowing!  
Beneath his window would I glide,  
And linger there till morning-tide;  
When first he rouses him to dress  
In comely garb his manliness,—  
Then should he weak, or thirsty be,  
O he might stoop to drink of me!  
Or baring there his bosom, lave  
That bosom in my rippling wave  
O what a bliss, if I could bear  
The cooling power of quiet there!

S. J. B.

XXXIII

LOVER ASLEEP

O NIGHTINGALE! thy warblings cease,  
And let my master sleep in peace:  
'Twas I who lull'd him to repose,  
And I will wake from his rest;  
I'll seek the sweetest flower that grows,  
And bear it to his presence blest;  
And gently touch his cheeks, and say,  
"Awake, my master! for 'tis day."

XXXIV

EARLY SORROWS

O NIGHTINGALE! sweet bird—they say,  
That peace abides with thee;  
But thou hast brought from day to day  
A triple woe to me.  
The first, first woe my spirit knew,  
My first, first woe was this,  
My mother never train'd me to  
A lover's early bliss  
My second woe, my second woe,  
Was that my trusty steed,  
Whene'er I mounted, seem'd to show  
Nor eagerness nor speed.  
My third, third woe—of all the worst,  
Is that the maid I woo,  
The maid I lov'd the best—the first,  
Is angry with me, too.  
Then dig an early grave for me,  
Yon whiten'd fields among;  
In breadth two lances let it be,  
And just four lances long.  
And o'er my head let roses grow,  
There plant the red-rose tree;  
And at my feet a fount shall flow,  
O scoop that fount for me!  
So when a youthful swain appears,  
The roses he shall wreath;  
And when an old man bent with years,  
He'll drink the stream beneath.

S. J. B.



XXXV

THE YOUNG SHEPHERDS

THE sheep, beneath old Buda's wall,  
Their wonted quiet rest enjoy;  
But ah! rude stony fragments fall,  
And many a silk-wool'd sheep destroy;  
Two youthful shepherds perish there,  
The golden George, and Mark the fair.

For Mark, O many a friend grew sad,  
And father, mother wept for him:  
George—father, friend, nor mother had,  
For him no tender eye grew dim:  
Save one—a maiden far away,  
She wept—and thus I heard her say:

My golden George—and shall a song,  
A song of grief be sung for thee—  
'Twould go from lip to lip—ere long  
By careless lips profaned to be;  
Unhallow'd thoughts might soon defame  
The purity of woman's name.

Or shall I take thy picture fair,  
And fix that picture in my sleeve?  
Ah! time will soon the vestment tear,  
And not a shade, nor fragment leave:  
I'll give not him I love so well  
To what is so corruptible.

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I'll write thy name within a book;  
That book will pass from hand to hand,  
And many an eager eye will look,  
But ah! how few will understand!  
And who their holiest thoughts can shroud  
From the cold insults of the crowd?<sup>19</sup>

S. J. B.

XXXVI

THOUGHTS OF A MOTHER

LO! a fir-tree towers o'er Sarajevo,  
Spreads o'er half the face of Sarajevo—  
Rises up to heaven from Sarajevo:  
Brothers and half-sisters there were seated;  
And the brother cuts a silken garment,  
Which he holds, and questions thus his sister:

"Brother's wife! thou sweet and lovely dovelet!  
Wherefore art thou looking at the fir-tree?  
Art thou rather dreaming of the poplar,  
Or art thinking of my absent brother?"

To her brother thus the lady answer'd:  
"Golden-ring of mine! my husband's brother!  
Not about the fir-tree was I dreaming,  
Nor the noble stem of lofty poplar;  
Neither was I dreaming of my brother.  
I was thinking of my only mother,  
She with sugar and with honey reared me;  
She for me the red wine pour'd at even,  
And at midnight gave the sweet metheglin;  
In the morning milk, with spirit chasten'd  
So to give me cheeks of rose and lily;  
And with gentle messages she waked me,  
That her child might grow both tall and slender."  
S. J. B.

XXXVII

COUNSEL

"MY Misho! tell me, tell me, pray,  
Where wert thou wandering yesterday?"  
"I did not ramble—did not roam;  
A wretched headache kept me home."  
"A thousand times I've said, I think  
No widows love—no water drink!  
But thou, a thoughtless unbeliever,  
Wilt water drink, and get a fever;  
Wilt give to widows thine affection,  
And find remorse, or find rejection;  
Now take my counsel,—drink of wine,  
And be a virgin maiden thine!"

S. J. B.

XXXVIII

DESOLATION

GLOOMY night! how full thou art of darkness!  
Thou, my heart! art fuller yet of sorrow,  
Sorrow which I bear, but cannot utter!  
I have now no mother who will hear me,  
I have now no sister who will soothe me,—  
Yet I had a friend—but he is absent!  
Ere he comes, the night will be departed;  
Ere he wakes, the birds will sing their matins,  
Ere his kiss, the twilight hour will brighten:  
Go thy way, my friend; the day is dawning!

S. J. B.

XXXIX

APPREHENSION

"SWEET maiden mine! thou blushing rose!  
Sweet, blushing roselet mine!  
For me, what thought of honey flows  
From those sweet lips of thine?"  
'I dare not speak with thee, my dear,  
My mother has forbid me.'

"Sweet maid! thy mother is not here."  
'She saw me once, and chid me.  
Sir, she is in the garden there,  
Plucking the evergreen:—  
O may her heart like mine decay,  
Like mine decay unseen,—  
Ere love's sweet power has pass'd away,  
As it had never been.'

S. J. B.

XL

MILICA

LONG and lovely are Milica's eyebrows,  
And they overhang her cheeks of roses—  
Cheeks of roses, and her snowy forehead,  
Three long years have I beheld the maiden,  
Could not look upon her eyes so lovely—  
On her eyes—nor on her snowy forehead.  
To our country dance I lured the maiden,  
Lured Milica,—lured her to our dances,  
Hoping to look on her eyes so lovely.

While they danced upon the greensward, verdant  
In the sunshine, sudden darkness gather'd,  
And the clouds broke out in fiery lightning,  
And the maidens all look'd up to heaven,—  
All the maidens—all, except Milica.  
She still look'd on the green grass, untrembling,  
While the maidens trembled as they whisper'd:

“O Milica! thou our friend and playmate,  
Art thou overwise—or art thou silly?  
Thus to look upon the grass beneath us,  
And not look up to the heaven above us,  
To the clouds, round which the lightnings wind  
them?”

And Milica gave this quiet answer:

“I am neither overwise nor silly.  
Not the *Vila*, nor the cloud-upgatherer;  
I am yet a maid—and look before me.”

S. J. B.

XLI

THE CHOICE

HE slept beneath a poplar tree:  
And three young maidens cross'd the way;  
I listen'd to the lovely three,  
And heard them to each other say:—  
"Now what is dearest, love! to thee?"  
The eldest said—"Young Ranko's ring  
Would be to me the dearest thing."  
"No! not for me," the second cried;  
"I'd choose the girdle from his side."  
'Not I,' the youngest said—"In truth,  
I'll rather have the sleeping youth.  
The ring, O sister! will grow dim,  
The girdle will ere long be broken;  
But this is an eternal token,—  
His love for me and mine for him.'

S. J. B.

XLII

FOR WHOM?

SWEET fountain, that so freshly flows!  
And thou, my own carnation-rose,  
That shines like a shining gem!  
And shall I tear thee from thy stem?  
For whom? my mother? ah! for whom?  
My mother slumbers in the tomb.

For whom? my sister? who has fled,  
To seek a foreign bridal bed.  
For whom? my brother? he is far,  
Far off, in dark and bloody war.  
For whom, for whom, but thee, my love?  
But thou art absent far above,  
Above these three green mountains,  
Beyond these three fresh fountains!

S. J. B.

XLIII

LIBERTY

NIGHTINGALE sings sweetly  
In the verdant forest;  
In the verdant forest,  
On the slender branches.

Thither came three sportsmen,  
Nightingale to shoot at.  
She implored the sportsmen,  
"Shoot me not, ye sportsmen!

Shoot me not, ye sportsmen!  
I will give you music,  
In the verdant garden,  
On the crimson rose-tree."

But the sportsmen seize her;  
They deceive the songster,  
In a cage confine her,  
Give her to their loved one.



Nightingale will sing not—  
Hangs its head in silence:  
Then the sportsmen bear her  
To the verdant forests.

Soon her song is waken'd;  
"Woe! woe! betides us,  
Friend from friend divided,  
Bird from forest banish'd!"

S. J. B.

#### XLIV

#### THE DANCE

OMAR'S court is near to Sarajevo;  
All around it is a woody mountain:  
In the midst there is a verdant meadow;  
There the maidens dance their joyous Kolo <sup>20</sup>  
In the Kolo there is Damian's loved one;  
O'er the Kolo her fair head uprises,  
Rises gay and lustrous in her beauty.  
'Midst the Kolo Nicholas address'd her:  
"Veil your face, thou Damian's best beloved!  
For to-day death's summons waits on Damian.  
Half thy face veil over, lovely maiden!"  
Hardly the prophetic words were utter'd,  
Ere a gun was heard from the green forest;  
Damian, wounded, fell amidst the Kolo—  
Damian fell, and thus his love address'd him:  
"O my Damian! O my sun of spring time!"

Wherefore, wherefore, didst thou shine so brightly,  
Thus so soon to sink behind the mountain?"  
"My beloved! O thou rose all beauteous!  
Wherefore didst thou bloom so fair, so lovely,  
And I never can enjoy, nor wear thee?"

S. J. B.

XLV

ELEGY

KONDA died—his mother's only offspring.  
O what grief was hers the youth to bury  
Far away from his own natural dwelling,  
So she bore him to a verdant garden,  
And 'neath pomegranate trees interr'd him.  
Every, every day she wandered thither:  
"Doth the earth, sweet son, lie heavy on thee?  
Heavy are the planks of maple round thee?"  
From his grave the voice of Konda answers:  
"Lightly presses the green earth upon me,  
Lightly press the planks of maple round me.  
Heavy is the virgins' malediction;  
When they sigh, their sighs reach God's high presence;  
When they curse, the world begins to tremble;  
When they weep, even God is touch'd with pity."

S. J. B.

XLVI

INQUIRY

A MAIDEN sat on th' ocean shore,  
And held this converse with herself:  
"O God of goodness and of love!  
What's broader than the mighty sea,  
And what is longer than the field,  
And what is swifter than the steed,  
What sweeter than the honey dew,  
What dearer than a brother is?"  
A fish thus answer'd from the sea:  
"O maid! thou art a foolish girl.  
And heaven is broader than the sea;  
The sea is longer than the field;  
The eye is swifter than the steed;  
Sugar more sweet than honey dew;  
Dearer than brother is thy love."

S. J. B.

XLVII

DOUBT

THREE young travellers travell'd forth to travel:  
On their travels met a lovely maiden:  
Each will give the lovely maiden a present:  
One presents her with a fresh-pluck'd apple:  
One presents her with *bosiljak*<sup>21</sup> flowering:  
One a gold ring for the maiden's finger.  
He who gave the maiden the *bosiljak*  
Said, "The maid is mine—I claim the maiden."  
He who gave the maid the fresh-pluck'd apple  
Said, "The maid is *mine*—I claim the maiden."  
He who gave the gold ring to the maiden  
Said, "We'll go and seek the Judge together:  
He shall say to whom belongs the maiden."

So they went and sought the Judge's presence:  
"Judge, thou honourable, judge between us:  
We three travell'd forth together,  
And we met a maiden in our travels,  
And we gave her—gave her each a present:  
One of us a green and fresh-pluck'd apple:  
One presented her *bosiljak* flowering;  
And the third a gold ring for her finger:—  
Now decide to whom belongs the maiden."

Thus the honourable judge decided:  
"We present *bosiljak* for its odour:  
As a pledge of love we give an apple:  
But to give a ring is a betrothing;—  
He who gave the ring/must have the maiden."

S. J. B.

XLVIII

THE SULTANESS

LISTEN! I hear a cry, a cry!  
The bells are ringing lustily;  
And the hens are cackling all in riot.  
No! no! no! the bells are quiet;  
The hens at rest with one another:  
'Tis the sister calls the brother:  
"Brother! I am a Moslem slave!  
Tear me from my Turkish grave.  
Small the price which sets me free:  
Of pearls two measures—of gold but three."

In vain she calls her brother.—'O no!  
My treasures to my apparel go:  
The gold my horse's bridle must deck:  
My pearls must grace my maiden's neck;  
Must buy a kiss—must buy a kiss.'  
The maid her brother answer'd with this:  
"I am no slave! I am no less  
Than the sultan's chosen sultaness."  
S. J. B.

XLIX

BETROTHING

HERE there is a maiden,  
Young, and yet a virgin:  
Give her then a husband,

Or give us the maiden,  
And we will betroth her  
To Ivan the student.  
He's our parson's nephew—  
He has art to write<sup>22</sup> on  
Pinions of the eagle.  
What shall be his subject?  
What—but bright-eyed maidens  
And the brows of heroes?

S. J. B.

L

CAUTIONS

O THOU lovely maiden!  
Lo! thy praise has mounted  
To the monarch's city  
Maiden! thou hast planted  
The six-branch'd *kaloper*<sup>23</sup>  
And bosilka early.  
But the youths unmarried  
Long have been in waiting  
To tear up thy balsam—  
Thy bosilka pillage.  
Know'st thou not they linger  
Just to steal thy kisses?  
Maiden! Maiden! never  
Let those youths betray thee!

S. J. B.

LI

MAIDEN'S CARES

O SLEEP! sweet sleep! in vain, in vain  
I bid thee visit me:  
The anxious thought disturbs my brain—  
Whose shall the maiden be?  
My mother says, "The goatherd, child!  
The goatherd, child! for thee."  
Nay, mother, nay! not he, not he;  
That were no happiness for me:  
He tracks the mountains steep and wild  
Where rocks and dangers be.

O sleep! sweet sleep! in vain, in vain  
I bid thee visit me:  
The anxious thought disturbs my brain—  
Whose shall the maiden be?  
My mother says, "The shepherd, maid!  
The shepherd, maid! for thee."  
Nay, mother, nay! not he, not he;  
That were no happiness for me:  
He wanders through the distant glade  
Where wolves and perils be.

O sleep! sweet sleep! in vain, in vain  
I bid thee visit me:  
The anxious thought disturbs my brain—  
Whose shall the maiden be?

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*An Anthology of Yugoslav Poetry*

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My mother says, "The tradesman, dear!  
The tradesman, dear! for thee."  
Nay, mother, nay! not he, not he;  
That were no happiness for me:  
He is a wanderer far and near,  
His house no home may be.

O sleep! sweet sleep! in vain, in vain  
I bid thee visit me:  
The anxious thought disturbs my brain—  
Whose shall the maiden be?  
My mother says, "The tailor, then  
The tailor, then, for thee!"  
Nay, mother! nay; not he, not he!  
That were no happiness for me;  
The tailor's needle may be keen,  
His children hungry be.

O sleep! sweet sleep! in vain, in vain  
I bid thee visit me;  
The anxious thought disturbs my brain—  
Whose shall the maiden be?  
My mother says,—"The peasant, take  
The peasant, child! for thee."  
Yes! mother, yes! in him I see  
Both love and happiness for me;  
For though his labouring hands are black,  
The whitest bread eats he.

S. J. B.



LII

MOHAMMEDAN SONG

HIS breath is amber,—sharp his reed;  
The hand which holds it, O! how white.  
He writes fair talismans,—a creed,  
For maidens doth the loved one write:  
“Of him that will not have thee,—think not!  
From him that fain would have thee, shrink not.”  
S. J. B.

LIII

MINE EVERYWHERE

“COME with me, thou charming maiden!  
Be my love and come with me.”  
‘Wherefore play with words so foolish?  
That can never, never be;  
I had rather in the tavern  
Bear the golden cup, than ever,—  
Ever promise to be thine.’  
“I am the young tavern-keeper,  
So thou wilt indeed be mine.”

‘Wherefore play with words so foolish?  
No such fate will e’er befall;  
In the coffee-house I’d rather  
Serve, envelop’d in my shawl,

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*An Anthology of Yugoslav Poetry*

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Rather than be thine at all.'  
"But I am the coffee boiler,  
Thee, my maiden, will I call."

'Wherefore play with words so foolish?  
That can never, never be;  
Rather o'er the field I'll wander,  
Changed into a quail, than ever,  
Ever give myself to thee.'  
"But I am a vigorous sportsman,  
And thou wilt belong to me."

'Play not, youth! with words so foolish,  
That can never, never be;  
Rather to a fish I'd change me,  
Dive me deep beneath the sea,  
Rather than belong to thee.'  
"But I am the finest network,  
Which into the sea I'll cast;  
Mine thou art, and mine thou shalt be,—  
Yes; thou must be mine at last;  
Be it here, or be it there,  
Mine thou must be everywhere."

S. J. B.

LIV

MAID AWAKING

LOVELY maiden gather'd roses,  
Sleep o'ertook her then;  
Pass'd a youth and call'd the maiden,  
Waked the maid again:  
"Wake! O wake! thou lovely maiden,  
Why art slumbering now?  
All the rosy wreaths are fading,  
Fading on thy brow.  
He, thy heart's own love, will marry;  
He will break his vow!"  
'Let him marry, let him marry,  
I shall not complain;  
But the thunderbolt of heav'n  
Shall destroy him then.'

S. J. B.

LV

MOTHER'S LOVE

ON the balcony young Jovan sported,  
While he sported, lo! it crash'd beneath him,  
And he fell,—his right arm broke in falling!  
Who shall find a surgeon for the sufferer?  
Lo! the Vila <sup>24</sup> of the mountain sends one,  
But the recompense he asks is heavy;  
Her white hand demands he of the mother,—  
Of the sister all her silken ringlets,—  
Of the wife he asks her pearl-strung necklace.

Freely gave her hand young Jovan's mother,  
Freely gave her silken hair his sister,  
But his wife refus'd her pearly treasure:—  
"Nay! I will not give my pearl-strung necklace,  
For it was a present of my father."  
Anger then incens'd the Mountain-Vila,  
Into Jovan's wounds she pour'd her poison,  
And he died,—Alas! for thee, poor mother!

Then began the melancholy cuckoos,<sup>25</sup>  
Cuckoos then began their funeral dirges;  
One pour'd out her mournful plaints unceasing,  
One at morning mourn'd, and mourn'd at ev'ning,  
And the third when'er sad thoughts came o'er her.  
Tell me which is the unceasing mourner?  
'Tis the sorrowing mother of young Jovan.  
Which at morning mourns and late at evening?  
'Tis the grieving sister of young Jovan.  
Which when melancholy thoughts come o'er her?  
'Tis the youthful wife,—the wife of Jovan.

S. J. B.

LVI

THE GREYBEARD

I HEARD young Falisava say:  
"I'll have no ancient greybeard, nay!  
A sprightly beardless youth for me."  
An aged man the maiden heard,  
He shaves his long and snowy beard,  
And paints his chin like ebony:  
To Falisava then he goes—

"My heart! my soul! my garden rose!  
A beardless youth is come for thee."  
And then she listen'd—they were wed—  
And to the old man's home they sped.

Then twilight came, and evening's shade—  
And said the old man to the maid:  
"Sweet Falisava! maiden fair!  
Our bed beside the stove prepare,  
And the warm feather-mattress bear"—  
The maiden heard—the maiden went,  
And gather'd flowers of sweetest scent—  
Of sweetest scent and fairest hue,  
Which on the old man's bed she threw,  
And like on a strong-wing'd eagle then  
Flew to her father's home again.

S. J. B.

LVII

MOHAMMEDAN TALE

WHO is mourning there in Glamodelec's fortress?  
'Tis the Vila—'tis an angry serpent?  
'Tis no Vila—'tis no angry serpent!  
'Tis the maid Emina there lamenting—  
There lamenting, for her woe is grievous!  
Lo! the Ban <sup>26</sup> the maiden hath imprison'd—  
Hath imprison'd her, and will baptize her;  
But Emina never will be faithless—  
From the white-wall'd tower will fling her rather.

Thus the unbelieving Ban address'd her :  
"Unbelieving Ban! a moment tarry,  
While I hasten to the upper story."  
And she hasten'd to the upper story;  
Look'd around her from the white-wall'd fortress:  
In the distance saw her father's dwelling—  
Saw the white school where she pass'd her childhood  
"O my father's home! my poor heart's sorrow!  
School of childhood! once that childhood's terror!  
Many a day of weariness and sorrow  
Did thy small-writ lessons give Emina."

Then she wrapp'd her snowy robes around her—  
Thought not of the band that bound her tresses,  
And she flung her from the fortress turret.  
But her hair-band caught the open window—  
From the window, ah she hung suspended—  
Hung a week suspended from the window—  
Then her hair gave away—and then the maiden  
On the greensward fell.

The Christian heard it—  
He, the Christian Ban, and hasten'd thither;  
Oft and oft he kiss'd the dead Emina;  
And he peacefully entom'd the maiden.  
O'er her grave a chapel he erected,  
And with golden apples he adorn'd it.  
Ere a week had pass'd away, descended  
On her tomb a beauteous light from heaven;  
At her head a beauteous light was kindled;  
At her feet another light shone sweetly;  
And her aged mother saw and wonder'd

From her chain she took her knife, and plunged it—  
Plunged it deep within her troubled bosom—  
Fell, and died—O melancholy mother!

S. J. B.

LVIII

LOVE'S DIFFICULTIES

I LOVED her from her infancy,  
Lado! <sup>27</sup> Lado!  
From childhood to maturity,  
Lado! Lado!  
And when I claim'd the smiling maid,  
Lado! Lado!  
"Ye are of kindred blood!" they said,  
Lado! Lado!  
"Brother and sister's children ye,  
Lado! Lado!  
It were a sin to steal a kiss,"  
Lado! Lado!  
Oh what a sacrifice is this!  
Lado! Lado!  
I'll steal a kiss though I be riven,  
Lado! Lado!  
From every, every hope of heaven,  
Lado! Lado!  
For what would heaven become to me  
Lado! Lado!  
When the long nights of autumn flee,  
Lado! Lado!

S. J. B.

LIX

WITCHES

THE sky is cover'd with stars again:  
The plains are cover'd with flocks of sheep:  
But where is the shepherd? On the plain  
The shepherd is lost in careless sleep:  
The youthful Radoje sleeps:—Arise!  
Awake! his sister Jania cries.

“Jania! sister nay! depart!  
My body to witches is plighted:  
My mother has torn away my heart,  
And my aunt my mother lighted.”

S. J. B.

LX

PLEDGES

THE wind was with the roses playing:  
To Ranko's tent it blew their leaves:  
Milica, Ranko, there were staying,  
And Ranko writes—Milica weaves.  
His letter done, he drops his pen:  
Her finish'd web she throws aside:  
And lo! I heard the lover then  
Low whisper to his promised bride:  
“Milica! tell me truly now  
And dost thou love me—love me best?  
Or heavy is thy nuptial vow?”—  
And thus the maid the youth address'd:



"O trust me—thou my heart—my soul—  
That thou art dearer far to me—  
Far dearer, Ranko! than the whole  
Of brothers—many though they be:  
And that the vows we pledged together  
Are lighter than the lightest feather."  
S. J. B.

LXI

COMPLAINT

O FLOWER! so lovely in thy bloom,  
Be evil fate thy mother's doom!  
Thy mother, who so kindly nurst,  
And sent thee to our village first.  
Where heroes o'er their cups romancing,  
And our young striplings stones are fling-  
ing,  
And our delighted brides are dancing,  
And our gay maidens songs are singing—  
'Twas then I saw thee, lovely flower!  
And lost my quiet from that hour.  
S. J. B.

LXII

SONG

THE winter is gone,  
Beloved, arise!  
The spring is come on,  
The birds are all singing:  
Beloved, arise!

The roses are springing;  
Earth laughs out in love:  
Beloved, arise!  
And thou, my sweet dove!  
O waste not thy time:  
Beloved, arise.

Enjoy the sweet bliss  
Of a kiss—of a kiss:  
Beloved, arise  
In the hour of thy prime,  
Beloved, arise!

S. J. B.

LXIII

MOHAMMEDAN SONG

I HAVE piercing eyes—the eyes of falcons:  
I am of undoubted noble lineage:  
I can read the heart of Osman Aga:  
I was ask'd by Osman Aga's mother:

"Cursed witch: and yet most lovely maiden!  
Why with white and red dost paint thy  
visage?

Fascinate no longer Osman Aga!  
I will speed me to the verdant forest,  
Build me up of maple-trees a dwelling,  
And lock up within it Osman Aga."

Then the maid replied to Osman's mother:  
"Lady Anka! Osman Aga's mother—  
I have falcon eyes—and eyes of devils:  
With them I can ope thy ample dwelling—  
With them visit, too, thy Osman Aga."

S. J. B.

LXIV

BROTHERLESS SISTERS

TWO solitary sisters, who  
A brother's fondness never knew,  
Agreed, poor girls, with one another,  
That they would make themselves a brother:  
They cut them silk, as snow-drops white;  
And silk, as richest rubies bright;  
They carved his body from a bough  
Of box-tree from the mountain's brow;  
Two jewels dark for eyes they gave;  
For eyebrows, from the ocean's wave  
They took two leeches; and for teeth  
Fix'd pearls above, and pearls beneath;  
For food they gave him honey sweet,  
And said, "Now live, and speak, and eat."

S. J. B.

LXV

MISFORTUNES

ON the hill, the fir-tree hill,  
Grows a tall fir-tree:  
There a maiden, calm and still,  
Sits delightedly.  
To a youthful swain she pledges  
Vows: "O come to me:  
Lightly spring across the hedges:  
Come—but slightly.  
Come at eve—lest harm betide thee.  
If any home thou seek,  
In our quiet dwelling hide thee;  
Not a whisper speak."  
And he o'er the hedges sprung,  
Lo! a twig he tore:  
When the house-door ope he flung,  
Noisy was the door.  
When he enter'd in, there fell  
Shelves upon the floor,  
'Twas the broken china's knell—  
O the luckless hour!  
Then her mother comes afeard,  
Trips and cuts her knee;  
And her father burns his beard  
In perplexity.  
And the youth must quench the fire,  
And the maiden must retire.

S. J. B.

LXVI

TIMIDITY

LO! upon the mountain green  
Stands a fir-tree tall and thin—  
'Tis no fir-tree—none at all—  
'Tis a maiden thin and tall.  
Three long years the enamour'd one  
Fed upon her eyes alone;  
On the fourth, he sought the bliss  
Of the maiden's primal kiss  
"Why, thou witching maid! repel me—  
Why with foot of scorn dost tread,  
On my feet, my boots of red!  
Why despise me, maiden! tell me."

"No, my friend, I will not tread  
On thy feet, thy boots of red!  
Come at evening—come and string  
Pearls for me—and thou shalt fling  
O'er me my embroider'd shawl.  
We will go at morning's call  
To the kolo—Friend! but thou  
Must not touch the maiden now—

Know'st thou not that busy slander  
Follows us wher'er we wander?  
Evil tongues are ever talking;  
Calumny abroad is walking  
Know'st thou that a simple kiss  
Ample food for slander is?

'Never did we kiss,' you'll say,  
'Till last evening and to-day.'  
Come at evening—come, my dear.  
Sisters' eyes will watch thee here."  
S. J. B.

LXVII

YOUTH ENAMOURED

"WHERE wert thou! Misho! yesterday?"  
"O 'twas a happy day for me!  
A lovely maiden cross'd my way  
A maiden smiling lovelily  
And those sweet smiles for me were meant;  
I claimed her—mother answer'd, 'No!'  
Would steal her—vain was the intent,  
For many guardians watch'd her so.  
There grows a verdant almond-tree  
Before her house—its boughs I'll climb;  
Wail like a cuckoo mournfully,  
And swallow-like, at evening time,  
Pour forth my woe in throbbings deep  
And like a sorrowing widow sigh,  
And like a youthful maiden weep.  
So may her mother turn her eye,  
Pitying my grief, her heart may move,  
And she may give me her I love."  
S. J. B.

LXVIII

BLACK EYES AND BLUE

I WISH the happy time were nigh,  
When youths are sold, that I might buy.  
But for an azure-eyed Mlinar,<sup>28</sup>  
I would not give a single dinar,  
Though for a raven-black eyed youth,  
A thousand golden coins, in truth.  
Alas! alas! and is it true?  
My own fair youth has eyes of blue;  
Yes! they are blue—yet dear to me—  
Will he forgive my levity?  
Ye maidens! pray him to forgive me;  
Nay! spare me now—and rather leave me  
To tell him “I am yours”—and smile  
In fond affection all the while.

S. J. B.

LXIX

THE WIDOW

ROSE! O smile upon the youth no longer;  
He in his impatience to be wedded,  
Chose a widow for his years unsuited,  
And wher'er she goes, where'er she tarries,  
She is mourning for her ancient husband.  
"O my husband! first and best possession!  
Happy were the days we spent together!  
Early we retired and late we waken'd  
Thou didst wake me kissing my white forehead,  
'Up, my heart! the sun is high in heaven,  
And our aged mother is arisen.'"

S. J. B.

LXX

ALARMS

FAIREST youths are here—but not the fairest!  
Could I hear him now, or could I see him,—  
Could I know if he be sick, or faithless!  
Were he sick, my ears would rather hear it,  
Than that he had loved another maiden.  
Sickness may depart, and time restore him,—  
If enamour'd,—never! never! never!

S. J. B.



LXXI

FOND WIFE

O! IF I were a mountain streamlet,  
I know where I would flow  
I'd spring into the crystal Sava,  
Where the gay vessels go,  
That I might look upon my lover—  
For fain my heart would know  
If, when he holds the helm, he ever  
Looks on my rose, and thinks  
Of her who gave it;—if the nosegay  
I made of sweetest pinks  
Is faded yet, and if he wear it.  
On Saturday I cull  
To give him for a Sabbath present  
All that is beautiful.

S. J. B.

LXXII

UNHAPPY BRIDE

THE maiden gave the ring she wore  
To him who gave it her before:  
"O take the ring—for thou and thine  
Are hated,—not by me—but mine—  
Father and mother will not hear thee  
Brother and sister both forswear thee  
Yet, think not, youth,—I think not ill  
Of her who needs must love thee still!

I am a poor unhappy maid,  
Whose path the darkest clouds o'ershade,  
I sowed sweet basil, and there grew  
On that same spot the bitterest rue  
And wormwood, that unholy flower,  
I now alone my marriage dower;  
The only flower which they shall wear  
Who to the maiden's marriage comes,  
When for my marriage altar there  
The guests shall find the maiden's tomb."  
S. J. B.

LXXIII

LAST PETITION

UPON her mother's bosom lay  
Young Mira, and she pined away.  
'Twas in her own maternal bed;  
And thus the anxious mother said:—  
"What ails thee, tell me, Mira, pray?"

"O ask me not, my mother dear!  
I feel that death approaches near,  
I shall not rise from this my bed;  
But, mother mine! when I am dead—  
O mother mine! call round me all  
My playmates to my funeral;  
And let the friends I loved receive  
The little gifts that I shall leave;  
Then let me sleep in peace beneath.—

There's one, my mother, I should grieve  
To be divided from in death.  
Then call around me priests divine,  
And pious pilgrims, mother mine!  
The forehead of thy dying daughter  
Steep in the rose's fragrant water.  
And, mother, let my forehead be  
Dried with the rose-leaves from the tree;  
And pillow not thy daughter's head,  
O mother! with the common dead;  
But let me have a quiet tomb  
Adjacent to my Mirjo's home,  
And near my Mirjo's nightly bed;  
So when he wakes his thoughts shall dwell  
With her he loved and loved so well."

S. J. B.

## LXXIV

### LOVE FOR A BROTHER

THE sun sank down behind the gold-flower'd hill;  
The warriors from the fight approach the shore:  
There stood young George's wife, serene and still:  
She counted all the heroes o'er and o'er,  
And found not those she loved—though they were  
three:—  
Her husband, George; her marriage friend, an-  
other  
Who late had led the marriage revelry;  
The third, her best-loved, her only brother.

Her husband he was dead; she rent her hair  
For him—Her friend was gone,—for him she tore  
Her cheeks—Her only brother was not there:  
For him she pluck'd her eye-balls from their bed.  
Her hair grew forth as lovely as before;  
Upon her cheeks her former beauties spread;  
But nothing could her perish'd sight restore:  
Nought heals the heart that mourns a brother  
dead. S. J. B.

LXXV

REBUKE

"MAIDEN! hast thou seen my steed?"  
"Faithless one! not I, indeed!  
But I heard that thou hadst tied him  
To the mountain-maple tree;  
When a stranger pass'd beside him,  
Full of scorn and rage was he:  
With his hoofs the ground he beat;  
Of his master's guilt he knew.  
Not one maiden did he cheat.  
No; that master cheated two:  
One has borne a wretched child;  
One with grief and shame is wild."  
S. J. B.

LXXVI

MAN'S FAITH

SAY! dost thou remember when under the vine,  
Thy tears fell in streams on the breast of thy maid;  
When thy heart burst in joy as I own'd thee for  
mine?

Alas! for the maiden whose peace is betray'd  
By the tears and the vows of a falsehood like thine!  
As the changeable sky—now o'erclouded, now  
bright,

Is the faith of thy race—their language to-day,  
"I will wed thee to-morrow, my love and my light!"  
To-morrow—"Let's wait till the harvest's away."  
The harvest is ended, the winter is nigh  
And another maid dwells in their hearts and their  
eye.

S. J. B.

LXXVII

MAIDEN'S AFFECTION

"BLACK is the night—an outcast lad  
Is wandering in our village, mother!  
Thy daughter's heart is very sad,  
Sad even to death! He has no home:  
O give him ours, he has no other,  
And bid the lad no longer roam!"  
"Nay! daughter, let this outcast stray,  
He is a proud and city youth;  
Will ask for wine at break of day,

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And costly meats at eve, forsooth,  
And for his city-tutor'd head  
Will want a soft and stately bed."

"O mother! In God's name divine,  
Give the poor lad a shelter now:  
My eyes shall serve instead of wine,  
For costly meats my maiden brow.  
My neck shall be his honey comb.  
His bed the dewy grass shall be,  
And heaven his stately canopy.  
His head shall rest upon my arm.  
O mother! give the youth a home,  
And shelter, shelter him from harm."  
S. J. B.

LXXVIII

MARRIAGE SONGS

The Marriage Leader:

"MAKE ready! make ready,"  
To his sister the youth is repeating;  
"Make ready my steed for the wedding,  
O sister! the young Doge<sup>29</sup> is waiting.  
I'm bid to the wedding, I'm summon'd to guide  
To the wedding the maiden—the Doge's young  
bride."

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The approaching bridegroom:

What is shining on the verdant mountain?  
Sun—or moon—that shines so brightly,  
'Tis not sun, or moon that shines so brightly,  
'Tis the bridegroom hasting to the marriage.

Parting of the bride:

Sweetest of maidens! O be still,  
Be silent—prithee weep not now  
Thy mother she will weep—wilt fill  
Her sorrowing eyes with tears, for thou  
Wilt leave thy cherish'd home ere long:  
And when thy young companions go  
To the fresh stream, amidst the throng  
She'll seek thee—will she find thee! No!

Departure of the wedding guests:

O thou young bridegroom, thou rose in its beauty,  
Lo! we have brought thee a rosemary branch,  
And if the rosemary branch should decay,  
Thine will the shame be, the sorrow be ours.  
Scatter the rosemary leaves o'er thy way;  
Let not destruction disparage its flowers.

To the bride, when the marriage hood is first put on:

Maid from a distant forest tree,  
A verdant leaf is blown to thee;

And that green leaf has fixed it now,  
In the green garland on thy brow:  
The garland green, that we have bound  
Maiden! thy auburn ringlets round:  
O no! it is no leaf, that we  
Have braided in a wreath for thee;  
'Tis the white hood that thou must wear,  
The token of domestic care:  
Thou hast no mother now—another,  
A stranger must be called thy mother;  
And sister-love thy heart must share,  
With one who was not born thy brother.

At the marriage:

An apple tree at Ranko's door was growing,  
Its trunk was silver, golden were its branches;  
Its branches golden and of pearls its foliage,  
Its leaves were pearls, and all its apple corals.  
And many dovelets, on the branches seated,  
Coo'd in their fond affection to each other;  
Coo'd loudly, and they pluck'd the pearls—one  
only

One, only one was silent, one was silent—  
It coo'd not, pluck'd no pearls from off the  
branches:

That one was terrified by Ranko's mother:  
"Begone—grey dovelet! thou art an intruder!  
Was not the apple-tree by Ranko planted?  
By Ranko planted, and by Ranko watered,  
That it might shade the guests at Ranko's  
marriage,  
Shade all his guests beneath its joyous branches."

S. J. B.



LXXIX

HEROES SERVED

UPON the silent Danube's shore,  
When ev'ning wastes, 'tis sweet to see  
'Their golden wine cups flowing o'er';  
Our heroes in their revelry.

A youthful beauty pours the wine,  
And each will pledge a cup to her;  
And each of charms that seem divine,  
Would fain become a worshipper.

"Nay! heroes, nay!" the virgin cried,  
"My service—not my love—I give:  
For one alone—for none beside:  
For one alone I love and live."  
S. J. B.

LXXX

YOUTH AND AGE

LO! the maid her rosy cheeks is laving.  
Listen! while she bathes her snowy forehead:  
"Forehead! if I thought an old man's kisses  
Would be stamp'd upon thee, I would hasten  
To the forest, and would gather wormwood  
Into boiling water press its bitters:  
With it steep my forehead ev'ry morning,  
That the old man's kiss might taste of wormwood.

But, if some fair youth should come to kiss me,  
I would hurry to the verdant garden:  
I would gather all its sweetest roses,  
Would condense their fragrance,—and at morning,  
Every morning, would perfume my forehead  
So the youth's sweet kiss would breathe of fragrance,  
And his heart be gladden'd with the odour.  
Better dwell with youth upon the mountains,  
Than with age in luxury's richest palace:  
Better sleep with youth on naked granite,  
Than with eld on silks howe'er voluptuous."

S. J. B.

LXXXI

CHOICE

IN my court the morning's twilight found me;  
At the chase the early sun while rising,  
I upon the mountain—and behind it,  
On that mountain, 'neath a dark-green pine  
tree

Lo! I saw a lovely maiden sleeping;  
On a clover-sheaf her head was pillow'd;  
On her bosom lay two snowy dovelets;  
In her lap there was a dappled fawnkin.  
There I tarried till the fall of ev'ning:  
Bound my steed at night around the pine-tree:  
Bound my falcon to the pine-tree branches:  
Gave the sheaf of clover to my courser:  
Gave the two white dovelets to my falcon:  
Gave the dappled fawn to my good greyhound:  
And, for me,—I took the lovely maiden.

S. J. B.

LXXXII

ANXIETY

I FAIN would sing—but will be silent now,  
For pain is sitting on my lover's brow;  
And he would hear me—and, though silent,  
deem

I pleased myself, but little thought of him,  
While of nought else I think; to him I give  
My spirit—and for him alone I live;  
Bear him within my heart, as mothers bear  
The last and youngest object of their care.

S. J. B.

LXXXIII

INQUIRY

SAY, heavenly spirit! kindly say,  
Where tarries now this youth of mine;  
Say, is he speeding on his way,  
Or doth he linger, drinking wine?

If he be speeding on,—elated  
With joy and gladness let him be:  
If quaffing wine,—in quiet seated,  
O! his be peace and gaiety!

But if he love another maiden,  
I wish him nought but sorrow:—No!  
Then be his heart with anguish laden!  
And let Heaven smite his path with woe!

S. J. B.

LXXXIV

FROZEN HEART

THICK fell the snow upon St. George's day;  
The little birds all left their cloudy bed;  
The maiden wander'd bare-foot on her way;  
Her brother bore her sandals, and he said:  
"O sister mine! cold, cold thy feet must be."  
"No! not my feet, sweet brother! not my feet—  
But my poor heart is cold with misery.  
There's nought to chill me in the snowy sleet  
My mother—tis my mother who hath chill'd me,  
Bound me to one who with disgust hath fill'd me."  
S. J. B.

LXXXV

UNION IN DEATH

FONDLY lov'd a youth and youthful maiden,  
And they wash'd them in the self-same water,  
And they dried them with the self-same linen  
Full a year had pass'd, and no one knew it  
Yet another year—'twas all discover'd,  
And the father heard it, and the mother;  
But the mother check'd their growing fondness,  
Banish'd love, and exiled them for ever.  
To the stars he look'd, and bade them tell her:  
"Die, sweet maiden! on the week's last even;  
Early will I die on Sabbath morning."

As the stars foretold the event, it happen'd;  
On the eve of Saturday the maiden  
Died—and died the youth on Sunday morning:  
And they were, fond pair, together buried;  
And their hands were intertwined together:  
In those hands they placed the greenest apples;  
When behold! ere many moons had shone there,  
From the grave sprung up a verdant pine-tree,  
And a fragrant crimson rose-tree follow'd:  
Round the pine the rose-tree fondly twined it,  
As around the straw the silk clings closely.

S. J. B.

LXXXVI

LOVE AND SLEEP <sup>35</sup>

I WALKT the high and hollow wood, from dawn  
to even-dew,  
The wild-eyed wood stared at me, and unclaspt, and  
let me through,  
Where mountain pines, like great black birds, stood  
percht against the blue.

Not a whisper heaved the woven woof of those warm  
trees:  
All the little leaves lay flat, unmoved of bird or  
breeze:  
Day was losing light all round, by indolent degrees.

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Underneath the brooding branches, all in holy shade,  
Unseen hands of mountain things a mossy couch had  
    made:  
There asleep among pale flowers my beloved was  
    laid.

Slipping down, a sunbeam bathed her brows with  
    bounteous gold,  
Unmoved upon her maiden breast her heavy hair  
    was roll'd,  
Her smile was silent as the smile on corpses three  
    hours old.  
"O God!" I thought, "if this be death, that makes  
    not sound nor stir."  
My heart stood still with tender awe, I dared not  
    waken her,  
But to the dear God, in the sky, this prayer I did  
    prefer:

"Grant, dear Lord, in the blessed sky, a warm wind  
    from the sea,  
Then shake a leaf down on my love from yonder  
    leafy tree;  
That she may open her sweet eyes, and haply look on  
    me."

The dear God, from the distant sea, a little wind  
    releas't,  
It shook a leaflet from the tree, and laid it on her  
    breast,  
Her sweet eyes ope'd and looked on me. How can  
    I tell the rest?                      O. M.

LXXXVII

LOVE CONFERS NOBILITY

HE. Violet, little one mine,  
I would love thee, but thou art so small.

She. Love me, my love, from those heights of thine,  
And I shall grow tall, so tall,  
The pearl is small, but it hangs above  
The royal brow, and a kingly mind  
The quail is little, little, my love,  
But she leaves the hunter behind.

O. M.

LXXXVIII

A SOUL'S SWEETNESS

HE. O maiden of my soul!  
What odour from the orange hast thou stole,  
That breathes about thy breast with such sweet  
power?

What sweetness, unto me  
More sweet than amber honey to the bee  
That builds in the oaken hole,  
And sucks the essential summer of the year  
To store with sweetest sweets her hollow  
tower?

Or is it breath of basil, maiden dear?  
Or of the immortal flower?

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She. By the sweet heavens, young lover!  
No odour from the orange have I stole;  
Nor have I robb'd for thee,  
Dearest the amber dower  
Of the building bee,  
From any hollow tower  
In oaken bole:  
But if, on this poor breast thou dost discover  
Fragrance of such sweet power,  
Trust me, O my beloved and my lover,  
'Tis not of basil, nor the immortal flower,  
But from a virgin soul.

O. M.

LXXXIX

REMINISCENCES

HE. "AND art thou wed, my beloved?  
My Beloved of long ago?"

She. "I am wed, my Beloved. And I have given  
A child to this world of woe.  
And the name I have given my child is thine:  
So that, when I call to me my little one,  
The heaviness of this heart of mine  
For a little while may be gone.  
For I say not . . . 'Hither, hither, my son!'  
But . . . 'Hither, my Love, my Beloved.'"



XC

SLEEP AND DEATH

THE morning is growing: the cocks are crowing:  
Let me away, love, away!

'Tis not the morning light;  
Only the moonbeam white.  
Stay, my white lamb, stay,  
And sleep on my bosom, sleep.

The breeze is blowing: the cattle are lowing:  
Let me away, love, away!

'Tis not the cattle there;  
Only the call to prayer.  
Stay, my white lamb, stay,  
And sleep on my bosom, sleep.

The Turks are warning to the mosque, 'tis morn-  
ing!  
Let me away, love, away!

'Tis not the Turks, sweet soul!  
Only the wolves that howl.  
Stay, my white lamb, stay,  
And sleep on my bosom, sleep.

The white roofs are gleaming: the glad children  
screaming:  
Let me away, love, away!

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'Tis the night-clouds that gleam:  
The night winds that scream.  
Stay, my white lamb, stay,  
And sleep on my bosom, sleep.

My mother in the gateway calls to me . . . .  
"Come straightway"  
And I must away, love, away!

Thy mother's in her bed,  
Dumb, holy, and dead.  
Stay, my white lamb, stay,  
And sleep on my bosom, sleep.

O. M.

XCI

IMPERFECTION

ALL in the spring,  
When little birds sing,  
And flowers do talk  
From stalk to stalk;  
Whispering to a silver shower,  
A violet did boast to be  
Of every flower the fairest flower  
That blows by lawn or lea.  
But a rose that blew thereby  
Answer'd her reproachfully,  
(All in the spring,  
When little birds sing,

And flowers do talk  
From stalk to stalk):  
"Violet, I marvel me  
Of fairest flowers by lawn or lea  
The fairest thou should'st boast to be;  
For one small defect I spy,  
Should make thee speak more modestly:  
Thy face is fashion'd tenderly,  
But then it hangs awry."

O. M.

XCII

EMANCIPATION

THE Day of Saint George! and a girl pray'd  
thus:

"O Day of Saint George, when again to us  
Thou returnest, and they carouse  
Here in my mother's house,  
May'st thou find me either a corpse or a bride,  
Either buried or wed;  
Rather married than dead;  
But, however, that may betide,  
And whether a corpse or a spouse,  
No more in my mother's house."

O. M.

XCIII

PLUCKING A FLOWER

HE. O maiden, vermeil rose!  
Unplanted, unsown,  
Blooming alone  
As the wild-flower blows,  
With a will of thine own!  
Neither grafted nor grown,  
Neither gather'd nor blown,  
O maiden, O rose!  
Blooming alone  
In the green garden-close  
Unnoticed, unknown,  
Unpropt, unsupported,  
Unwater'd, and uncourted,  
Unwoo'd and unwed,  
A sweet wild rose,  
Who knows? Who knows?  
Might I kiss thee, and court thee?  
My kiss would not hurt thee!  
A sweet, sweet rose,  
In the green garden-close,  
If a gate were undone,  
And if I might come to thee  
And meet thee alone?  
Sue thee, and woo thee,  
And make thee my own?  
Clasp thee, and cull thee, what harm would be  
done?

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Beside thy field my garden blows,  
 Were a gate in the garden left open . . . who  
     knows?  
 And I water'd my garden at eventide?  
 (Who knows?)  
 And if somebody silently happen'd to ride  
 That way? And a horse to the gate should be  
     tied?  
 And if somebody (Who knows who,), un-  
     espied,  
 Were to enter my garden to gather a rose?  
 Who knows? . . . I suppose  
 No harm need be done. My beloved one,  
 Come lightly, come softly, at set of the sun!  
 Come, and caress me!  
 Kiss me, and press me,  
 Fold me, and hold me!  
 Kiss me with kisses that leave not a trace,  
 But set not the print of thy teeth on my face,  
 Or my mother will see it, and scold me.  
O. M.

XCIV

A WISH

I WOULD I were a rivulet,  
And I know where I would run!  
To Save, the chilly river,  
Where the market boats pass on;  
To see my dear one stand  
By the rudder; and whether the rose  
Which, at parting, I put in his hand,  
Warm with a kiss in it, blows;  
Whether it blows or withers:  
I pluckt it on Saturday;  
I gave it to him on Sunday;  
On Monday he went away.

O. M.

XCV

A SERBIAN BEAUTY

'TIS the Kolo <sup>31</sup> that dances before the white house,  
And 'tis Stojan's fair sister, O fair, fair is she!  
Too fair she is truly, too fair, heaven knows,  
(God forgive her!) so cruel to be.  
The fair Vila, whom the wan clouds fondly follow  
O'er the mountain wherever she roam it,  
Is not fairer nor whiter than she.  
Her long soft eyelash is the wing of the swallow  
When the dew of the dawn trembles from it,

And as dawn-stars her blue eyes to me:  
Her eyebrows so dark are the slender sea-leeches;  
Her rich-bloomed cheeks are the ripe river peaches,  
Her teeth are white pearls from the sea;  
Her lips are two half-open'd roses;  
And her breath the south wind, which discloses  
The sweetness that soothes the wild bee.  
She is tall as the larch, she is slender  
As any green bough the birds move;  
See her dance—'tis the peacock's full splendour!  
Hear her talk—'tis the coo of the dove!  
And, only but let her look tender—  
'Tis all heaven melting down from above!  
O. M.

XCVI

SLEEPLESSNESS

SLEEP will not take the place of Love,  
Nor keep the place from Sorrow.  
Oh, when the long nights slowly move  
To meet a lonely morrow,  
The burden of the broken days,  
The grief that on the bosom weighs,  
And all the heart oppresses,  
But lightly lies on restless eyes  
Love seals no more with kisses.  
O. M.

XCVII

A MESSAGE

SWEET sister of my loved, unloving one,  
Kiss thy wild brother, kiss him tenderly!  
Ask him what is it, witless, I have done  
That he should look so coldly upon me?  
Ah, well . . . I know he recks not! Let it be.  
Yet say . . . "There's many a woodland nod-  
ding yet  
For who needs wood when winter nights be  
cold."  
Say . . . "Love to give finds ever love to get.  
There lack not goldsmiths where there lacks  
not gold.  
The wood will claim the woodman by-and-by;  
The gold (be sure!) the goldsmith cannot miss;  
Each maid to win finds lads to woo: and  
I . . ."  
Well, child, but only tell him, tell him this!  
Sweet sister, tell him this!

O. M.

XCVIII

TRANSPLANTING A FLOWER

O MAIDEN, mother's golden treasure!  
Purest gold of perfect pleasure!  
Do they beat thee, and ill-treat thee,  
That I meet thee all alone?



Do they beat thee, that I meet thee  
All too often, all too late,  
After nightfall, at the gate  
Of the garden, all alone?  
Tell me, tell me, little one,  
Do they do it? If I knew it,  
They should rue it! I would come  
Oftener, later, yet again,  
(Hail, or snow, or wind, or rain!)  
Oftener, later! Nor in vain:  
For if mother, for my sake,  
Were to drive thee out of home,  
Just three little steps 'twould take  
(Think upon it, little one!)—  
Just three little steps, or four,  
To my door from mother's door.  
Love is wise. I say no more.  
Ponder on it, little one!

O. M.

XCIX

ISOLATION

THE night is very dark and very lonely:  
And as dark, and all as lonely, is my heart:  
And the sorrow that is in it night knows only:  
For the dawn breaks, and my heart breaks. Far apart  
From my old self seems my new self. And my  
mother  
And my sister are in heaven,—so they say:  
And the dear one dearer yet than any other  
Is far, far away.

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The sweet hour of his coming . . . night is falling!  
The hour of our awakening . . . bird on bough!  
The hour of last embraces . . . friends are calling  
"Love, farewell!" . . . and every hour is silent now.  
O. M.

C

FATIMA AND MEHMED

BENEATH a milk-white almond tree,  
Fatima and Mehmed be.  
The black earth is their bridal bed;  
The thick-starred sky clear-spread  
Is their coverlet all the night,  
As they lie in each other's arms so white.  
The grass is full of honey-dew;  
The crescent moon, that glimmers through  
The unrippled leaves, is faint and new:  
And the milk-white almond blossoms  
All night long fall on their bosoms.  
O. M.

CI

MORAVA HORSES <sup>32</sup>

ON the banks of Morava,  
Sleek black horses danced,  
"Could not we," one horse did say,  
"Over this river swim to-day?"  
But the second cried, "Beware,  
Deep flows the stream, beware, beware!  
'Twas by these banks of Morava,  
At set of sun a knight was drowned,  
And dawn had broke ere he was found.  
If mother this poor knight had had,  
Within a day his fate she'd know,  
And him to seek next day would go;  
The third day, finding him, would weep,  
And who knows how long sad heart keep?"  
To which a third black horse replied  
"No mother mourns him as lost son,  
But mother-in-law the knight has one!  
She in one year would surely cry:  
'What has my daughter's husband done?'  
And in two years find time to go  
Toward the place where he lay low;  
And when there should have passed years three,  
His grave, perchance, she then might see—  
Where long since green grass had grown,  
The peacock preened himself and flown."

J. W. W.

CII

THE GIRL AND THE GRASS

IN the green grass a girl fell asleep;  
When she awoke the grass was red,  
And her ruddy cheeks were green instead.  
Before the Kadi the girl sued the grass:  
"Give me, O grass, my color red!"  
And to the girl the red grass said:  
"Thy color red, I'll give it thee,  
When my color green thou dost give me."  
Then before the Kadi they exchanged color  
And became bosom-sisters for ever and ever.  
J. W. W.

CIII

THE SUN AND THE GIRL

TO the great sun a radiant maiden cried:  
"Bright sun, thy beauty cannot equal mine!"  
Whereon the burning orb complained to God:  
"Let me bring low her pride, and scorch her  
face."  
To which request his mighty Maker said:  
"The burden that she bears is weight enough;  
Her father and her mother, both I've taken;  
One simple, smiling youth alone is left to her;  
Touch not their joy, let him be fond of her."  
J. W. W.

CIV

CURSE AND BLESSING

TO the river ran the mother,  
To her Mary by the water,  
Dreaming there, the pretty daughter:  
"Have you washed the linen, Mary?"  
"Why, mother dear, not yet begun;  
A naughty youth did come my way,  
And muddy made the silvery water."  
"I'll curse him, then; I'll curse him, daughter!  
Cold be his heart as ice is cold."  
"As cold as the sun o'er the corn-fields, mother!"  
"May his face be black before all men!"  
"As black as the snow on the mountains, mother!"  
"May he be hanged!—Dost hear, my daughter!"  
"But hanged upon my neck, dear mother!"  
"From grievous wounds he then shall suffer!"  
"Let my own teeth, then, cause them, mother!"  
"May the wild torrent take him, daughter!"  
"And bring him home to me, my mother!"

J. W. W.

CV

THE NICEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD

A YELLOW orange by the sea  
Vaunted much his beauty,  
This boast the red, round apple heard,  
Scolded the orange for his word,  
"See my superiority!"

The apple's boast the meadow heard,  
The meadow rich beflowered:  
"Boast not, thou smooth, round apple red,  
But see how I am carpeted,  
So green and richly dowered!"

The meadow's boast the maiden heard:  
"Deem'st flowery mead, so great thy worth!  
Though sweetly thou art sure bedight,  
Yet still I am the sweetest sight,  
That can be found in all the earth."

These vaunts heard all a daring youth:  
"This maid, I see she is in truth,  
She is by far the sweetest flower  
That can be found in all the earth.  
That orange, I will bring it down,  
That apple-tree, I'll root it up,  
That meadow's flowers shall all be mown,  
And thou, fair maid, shalt be mine own!"  
J. W. W.

CVI

THE PRETTY TOMB

"WAIT, my girl, I want to talk,  
Though my talk will wound thee!"  
"Speak, O Youth; I'll listen, speak!  
Even though thou wound me."  
"Well, I am about to die."  
"Die! Where will they bury thee?"  
"I pray to rest upon thy breast."  
"Ah! blind and foolish is thy prayer!  
That were unseemly cemet'ry.  
My bosom is no graveyard lone,  
An apple orchard is my breast  
Where fruits do ripen, birds do rest!"  
J. W. W.

CVII

TODA AND HER FATE

MANY youths paid court to Toda,  
She, the blithesome shepherd girl;  
So with mirthful laugh she cried:  
"The youth on whom my apple falls,  
'Tis henceforth he my heart enthralls."  
Then Toda threw her apple red,  
Which fell upon a grey-haired head.  
Toda had not wished such love,  
So sent him off to draw her water.  
She sent him thus unto the river,  
That no more trouble he might give her!  
But safely back the old man came,  
Brought the water, smiled and spake:  
"O love me, Toda, love me, Toda."  
Toda did not want to love him,  
So sent him off to cut down branches,  
Not caring should they fall upon him;  
But safely back the old man came,  
Brought the wood, and smiled and spake:  
"O love me, Toda, little Toda!"  
Toda did not want to love him,  
So sent him to the war to fight,  
Not caring what might be his plight:  
But safely back the old man came,  
Back from the war, and spake the same:  
"O love me, Toda, Toda, love me!  
That which must be, let it be."

J. W. W.



CVIII

THE VILA

UNDER the clouds there's nought to me  
So handsome as a falcon bird.  
A falcon I did wish to be,  
And my wish by God was heard.  
High to the clouds I flew,  
And over the clouds too!  
Then to a nut-tree I shot down.  
Under the tree a vila sleeping!  
Or else some being strange to me!  
Oh, God Himself, and He alone, can say,  
But she was fairer than the fairest summer day.  
J. W. W.

CIX

THREE ROSES

RED Sun! too quickly art thou hasting down;  
A little while prolong thy stay,  
Smile from thy evening gate on me,  
Till I've adorned with roses three—  
Roses of silk in purest gold—  
My darling's garment that I hold:  
The first rose, a rose for my own country dear,  
The second, a rose for sweet mother,  
The third, the rose of my own bridal crown.  
O stay, glad Sun! too quickly art thou going  
down!

J. W. W.

CX

HER DREAM

THE girl awoke at dawn of day,  
Aroused by trilling roundelay;  
"Nightingale, oh, stop thy singing!  
Stop thy singing, pray!  
Cease thy songs, and fly away  
To Cattaro, down by the bay.

To Cattaro now speed thy flight,  
To tell the dream I've dreamt this night:  
I found me in his garden gay,  
Gathering fair roses;  
With his eye he followed me,  
As I passed from tree to tree.

I brought him then red roses fair,  
And tied them in his steed's black hair.  
Smiling, then a ring he gave me;  
Ah, a ring so rare!  
And he kissed me where I stood;  
A kiss that made to me all good.

Smiling, yes, a kiss he gave me!  
Than golden ring with diamond bright  
More precious far in my heart's sight.  
Stop singing, bird!  
This is my dream; go, tell him so,  
Go! wing thy way to Cattaro."

J. W. W.

CXI

TROUBLE WITH THE HUSBAND

I MARRIED last year,  
This year I repent.  
Bad husband have I,  
With temper like nettle:  
My lot I resent.

The frost kills the nettle,  
But this husband of mine,  
He thinks the frost fine:  
By the stove all day long  
He does nothing but sit,  
And says that the frost  
He minds not one bit!

In Celovec 'tis market-day,  
'Tis market-day to-morrow;  
I will take my husband there,  
And will either there him change,  
Or else will sell him at the fair.  
Not too cheap I'll let him go,  
Because he was so hard to get;  
Rather than too cheaply sell him,  
Back home again I'll take the man,  
And love him—howsomuch I can!  
J. W. W.

CXII

THE PEACOCK AND THE NIGHTINGALE

HOW beautiful it is this evening-time!  
The noblemen, they quaff the cool wine,  
And to their knee there comes a little stag,  
With golden peacock proudly on one shoulder,  
While on the other, perching there as neighbour,

Behold a silver-throated nightingale!  
Upon whom gazing, saith the peacock golden:  
"How now, my silver-throated friend!  
If mine it were to trill thy liquid note,  
To every noble knight I'd sing a song,  
And honour each in turn from my clear throat."

Answered the nightingale in silver voice:  
"List, lustrous peacock in thy blue and gold!  
If mine it were, that sheeny fan of thine,  
Its golden feathers all I would pluck out,  
And decorate these nobles round about."

J. W. W.

CXIII

THE FIRST TOAST

RISING at the banquet table,  
Now acclaim we our first toast,  
To our God's high honour drink we,  
Only of His glory think we—

No first place to human boast!  
To celebrate the Lord's great glory—  
What equal duty to be found?  
Say, all ye who sit around,  
Save truly to have earned the dinner!  
J. W. W.

CXIV

THE HODŽA <sup>33</sup>

IN Mostar was a sheker-meyteph,<sup>34</sup>  
Thirty young ladies were learning there,  
Omer-effendia was their hodža,  
And pretty Maruša their kalfa.<sup>35</sup>

One day Maruša opened the Koran:  
"Tell us now, hodža, tell what is written!"  
Hodža reads silently, then he speaks loudly:  
"First page—The hodža is going to marry!

"Willeth so Allah, so willeth hodža—thus on page  
two!  
And on page three—Whom will he marry, whom  
will he marry?  
Thus on page three—He'll marry the pretty Mar-  
uša."

J. W. W.

CXV

WOES

Woe to the wolf that eats not flesh,  
Woe to the knight who drinks not wine,  
Woe to the maid who counteth love  
    No gift divine.

Woe to legs with a foolish head,  
And woe to guilt on an unclean bed.

Woe to satin on humped shoulders.

Woe to the gun in a fearsome hand,  
Woe to the strong in that village where  
    But cowards stand.

Woe to the mother-in-law in the house of her  
    son-in-law.

Woe to the wolf whom the ravens feed,  
And to the knight who children doth need  
    Him to defend.

Woe to the cock who strutteth on ice,  
Woe to the nightingale singing in the mill;  
In such a din, far better to be still!

J. W. W.

CXVI

HARD TO BELIEVE

A MAN ne'er born once told a tale  
To seven stout ghosts so hearty and hale;  
A ship went sailing 'mid greenwood trees,  
While the burning sun her crew did freeze.  
A horse danced o'er the billowy sea,  
From him a duck with hoofs did flee.  
From an empty cup two knights did quaff,  
Served by a maid whose head was off.  
Two wingless geese flew up in the sky,  
As a legless hero ran hard by;  
While near him scampered two roasted hares,  
Hotly pursued by three dogs in pairs.  
Then to the deaf man the dumb man spoke:  
"What a monstrous lie! but I hope it's a joke."

J. W. W.

CXVII

THE CONDITIONS

LISTEN, listen man of God,  
If thou wouldest serve thy God,  
In thy lifetime do thou good,  
And revere thine elder brother,  
So thy younger thee revere.  
Neither boast when fortune smileth,  
Nor complain in days of trouble;  
Grasp not an another's good;  
For when death befalleth man,

Nought he takes from out the world,  
Save his deeds and crossed white hands—  
When he goeth to the Judgment,  
Where king's rank is unaccounted,  
Rich men can no more be proud,  
Poor men be no more despised.

J. W. W.

CXVIII

PRAYER BEFORE GOING TO BED

WITH a cross I lay me down,  
With a cross I get me up,  
All day long it doth protect,  
And angels in the night are near;  
Archangels, they shall ward my death,  
And God's my guard till all things end.

J. W. W.

CXIX

VISION BEFORE SLEEP

TO sleep I laid me down,  
Making my prayer to God;  
I called upon His angels;  
Heaven was unveiled to me;  
The Seraphim, they worshipped there,  
And prayed this prayer to Christ our Lord:  
"While he doth rest, all through his sleep,  
From visions dark do Thou him keep."

J. W. W.



CXX

PRAYER IN THE FIELD

WE pray unto the Heavenly Lord,  
    Koledo, Koledo! <sup>36</sup>  
Dew to send upon our fields,  
    Koledo!  
To give grain to wheat and maize,  
    Koledo, Koledo!  
To give fruits in all the glades,  
    Koledo!  
To give colours to the flowers,  
    Koledo, Koledo!  
To give health to sheep and cattle,  
    Koledo!  
And pardon, joy and song to all,  
    Koledo, Koledo!

J. W. W.

CXXI

A CHILD IN HEAVEN

YESTERNIGHT was born a Child,  
But it passed from earth at morn,  
Unbaptized to heaven's door.  
"Open, heavenly watchman, open!"  
"Nay, foolish babe, thou must away!  
Sinful thou art, away, away!"

"Foolish I am—but sinful, nay;  
Born yesternight, I died to-day;  
In the green forest I was born,  
Where no sponsor, where no priest;  
Therefore unbaptized I come!"

Then the heavenly watcher answered:  
"Go thou yet a short way on;  
Go on, my babe, and thou shalt find  
Three watersprings; from one to drink,  
From one to wash, the third a font of blessing.  
The first shall breast-milk be to thee;  
The second is thy mother's tears,  
And from the third thou shalt baptized be,  
And joyful entrance gain to heaven."

J. W. W.

CXXII

CHRISTMAS

WHY trembleth so the earth,  
Set in this sphere of blue?  
Christ our God was born hereon,  
He, the Virgin's Holy Son,  
Christ Who heaven and earth created,  
And us sinners on the earth.  
In awe when He shall come to judge,  
We all shall stand before Him then,  
Both righteous and unrighteous men.

J. W. W.

CXXIII

CHRIST THINKS OF HIS MOTHER

ON angel wing in upward flight  
Rise soul and body of our Lord,  
When piercing heaven with high gaze,  
He calleth for one down to go,  
Down to darksome Golgotha,  
Where Mary bending near the Cross,  
Weepeth in bitter agony:

"Let herald hasten now to tell her  
I am risen unto heaven."

Great Michael heard, two angels sent,  
Swift to convey the tidings glad:

"O thou of women all most blest,  
Let not thy heart with fear be filled;  
From the tomb thy Son is risen,  
Risen to the Father's throne,  
Saving men from Death's dominion."

J. W. W.

CXXIV

THE BLESSED MARY AND JOHN THE  
BAPTIST

THE Blessed Mary sent an angel  
Unto John the Camel-girdled—  
“God’s wish it is, and my wish too,  
That thou shouldst now my Son baptize.”  
John went responsive to the river,  
Down into Jordan with the Christ,  
And there upon him with his Lord,  
Open wide the gate of heaven,  
The roseate sun did light the east,  
Sign of that Spirit-first of which spake John,  
Whose purging heat doth purify from sin,  
And in Jordan’s flowing river  
Man’s sin was taken all away!  
Our salvation is in heaven!  
Save, O God, all trusting souls,  
Save them from the devil’s toils.

J. W. W

CXXV

THE HOLY MOTHER

SADLY walked the Holy Mother  
On the Holy Mountain.  
Suddenly espied she something  
Brightly shining in the dust:  
The Cross, it was, of her own Son.  
With gentlest hands she caressed it,  
She did wash it with her tears,  
And after dried it with her hair.  
Kneeling then she uttered prayer.  
Speaking to the Holy Cross:  
"O sweet Cross, thou Cross of honour,  
Upon thee my Son has died,  
Hellish pains on thee He suffered,  
Hellish pains from those hot nails,  
To redeem our sinful souls.  
When He did upon thee bleed,  
His blood it fell in priceless seed,  
Whence there sprang all lovely flowers,  
And angels, coming down to gather,  
Made them into wreathes and garlands  
That they might adorn all heaven."  
J. W. W.

CXXVI

DREAM OF THE HOLY VIRGIN

THE Holy Virgin dreaming slept,  
And in her dream a great tree grew,  
Its branches from her own heart crept,  
O'er spreading earth, north, south, east, west,  
And piercing, spire-like, heaven's blue.  
Sore troubled by her dream she rose  
And sought straightway a saintly brother;  
"Hear Saint Basil, my brother hear!  
Let me tell my vision wondrous  
I dreamed and lo! a great tree grew,  
Its branches from my own heart crept,  
O'erspreading earth north, south, east, west,  
And towering up through heaven's blue.  
What saith this vision Saint, to you?"  
Then Basil answered to the Virgin:  
"O sister dear, thy vision's clear:  
'A tree did spring from thy warm heart?'  
To bear the Christ shall be thy part.  
'Those spreading branches covering all?'  
Sinners He'll save from evil's thrall.  
'That height spire-piercing heaven's blue?'  
To God the Father Christ shall rise  
Passing from earth and fleshly view."

J. W. W.

CXXVII

MOTHER AT THE TOMB OF HER SON

ALAS! my son, how fareth it with thee,  
In thy new dwelling, new and strange and  
dark?

Strange thy dwelling without windows!  
At daybreak, Vinko, thy sad mother rose,  
Her earliest thought as but of thee,  
Her first thought, Vinko; Vinko her first call!  
Thorns are growing at the house-door,  
Cuckoos mourn around the house,  
Downcast thy brothers wait for thee,  
To talk with thee, to walk with thee—  
But now that ne'er can be.

With head bent down and brow o'ercast,  
They make their way—for where art thou!

In ashes our hearth fire is hidden,  
And when I saw the sun this morning,  
I thought: It is the moon,

When thy sisters said to me:

"Dim thine eyes, it is the sun!"

"For me no sun," said I to them,

"Pale in the dust now is my sun,  
No light have I above the earth."

Down in thy dwelling, oh my son,

Say, is it cold, my Sun, my Sun;

If it be cold as is my breast

It is too cold, too cold to rest.<sup>37</sup>

J. W. W.

CXXVIII

MOTHER OVER HER DEAD SON

WHERE art thou flying? Where, oh where?  
My falcon?  
To what silent land and lone?  
Say, hero mine!  
Around thy friends and brothers ask me:  
How shall I answer them!  
"Where goes Perko? Tell us, Mother!"  
Woe to me, oh woe to me!  
If I answered, I might blame thee!  
How blame *thee*?  
Alway thou askedst me: May I go here—or  
should  
I stay?  
I knew thy way!  
But now thou askedst not; nor may I give thee  
"Yea" or "nay,"—  
O blank, blank day!  
Better, child, I went to thee, than to stay  
As mother here  
Having lost the light of day!  
J. W. W.



CXXIX

MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON

WHEREFORE do I marvel, wherefore need I  
wonder?

Traveller the dearest!

That through this lower world already thou hast  
sped,

Ray of light the fleetest!

Together we'd a little talk, but we looked for more,

Thou my golden store!

To the realms of heaven thou from earth art gone,

Thou my heaven and earth!

Thou thy flight hast taken, sure, to a land of  
flowers,

Dearest of my flowers!

Thy journey leadeth up to God, unto the blest in  
Paradise,

Thou my Paradise!

Thou shalt behold the Judgment Place,

Merciful my son!

Soon shalt reach those halls of rest,

Thou who gav'st me labour!

There shalt find the noble dead,

Thou my sweetest life!

Greet them all, the rich and poor,

Best of all my riches!

Salute the noblemen and princes,

Thou my prince of princes!

J. W. W.

CXXX

GREATEST GRIEF FOR A BROTHER

O'ER Neven woods the sun went down,  
The sun went down behind the forest,  
As came the heroes off the sea.  
The young wife counted anxiously,  
The wife of George the Hospodar,  
Counted the warriors, found them all,  
Save her three treasures who were missing.  
She could not find her Hospodar  
Nor the best man at their wedding,  
And the third treasure was not there;  
This treasure was her dearest brother.  
For her brave lord she cuts her tresses,  
For her best man she wounds her cheeks,  
And for her brother puts out both her eyes.  
She cuts her hair, it grows again;  
She wounds her cheeks, the wounds do heal;  
But none can heal those hurt blind eyes,  
Nor yet her heart for her lost brother.

J. W. W.

CXXXI

THE DEATH CHAMBER OF HER  
FATHER-IN-LAW

WHY art thou thus attired?  
    My more than father!  
Why art thou thus bedight, so knightly armed?  
    My fearless knight!  
Thou art departing for the city?  
    My shining city!  
In order there to meet the lords and knights,  
    O my wise lord!  
Or go'st thou to a marriage feast?  
    My pride, my noble guest!  
—But why! thine eyes are closed to me!  
    O closed, O closed to me!  
And—can it be!—thy mouth is bound!  
    This black, black morning!  
If thou art gone, and com'st not back—  
    How empty is the house!  
How is it thou couldst leave us so?  
    To us, O woe, O woe!  
Far, far thy journey, and the end not here!  
    But better is it there!  
Mother and father, they will greet thee there,  
    Among the Blest!  
Thy brothers, too, and children in celestial light,—  
    O blessed, blessed sight!  
Thee will they greet: we in their thoughts shall be,  
    O heavenly harmony!  
But thou wilt stay, and ne'er return to us,  
    O woe, O woe to us!

CXXXII

KOLEDO

THE king came to court our Margaret fair,  
    Koledo, Koledo!  
And mother sang clear to our Margaret fair:  
    Koledo, Koledo!  
"Oh, Margaret, haste! my daughter dear,  
    Koledo, Koledo!  
The King, he has come to court you here,  
    Koledo, Koledo!"  
Then thus sweet Margaret to mother's call:  
    "Koledo, Koledo!"  
I told you, mother mine, I told you,  
    Koledo, Koledo!  
I want not kings, I want not knights,  
    Koledo, Koledo!  
'Tis Jesus Himself alone doth bind me,  
    Koledo, Koledo!  
I've vowed to Him, true shall He find me,  
    Koledo, Koledo!"

J. W. W.

CXXXIII

A HORSE'S COMPLAINT

A HORSE left his knight on Kossovo,  
On a dreadful place on Kossovo.  
Finding his steed, the knight put  
question:

"O horse of mine, my greatest treasure,  
Why hast thou left me here so lonely,  
In this deadsome place on Kossovo?  
What have I done thus to displease  
thee?

Say, horse of mine, why didst thou  
leave me?

Did press my saddle hard upon thee?  
Thy jewelled bridle, was it heavy?  
Or have I ridden thee too far?"

To his knight the horse made answer:  
"Thy saddle pressed not hard upon  
me,

Thy jewelled bridle was not heavy,  
Nor hast thou ridden me too far.  
But this it is that doth displease me:  
So oft thou tarriest at the tavern,  
While I am tethered at the door.

Three maidens fair are dwelling there,  
Whose beauty makes thee all forgetful,  
While I am out here cold and fretful;  
Then angrily I paw the earth,  
And eat the grass down to its root,  
And drink the water dry as stone,  
While thou dost leave me here alone."

CXXXIV

A DANCE AT VIDIN

ONE day at Vidin they did dance the Kolo:  
    "Oh, let me, mother, go and see!"  
    "There is thy brother, go with him!"  
    "My brother! he can stay at home,  
    I do not want to go with him."

One day at Vidin they did dance the Kolo:  
    "Oh! let me, mother, go and see!"  
    "There is thy father, go with him!"  
    "Oh, let my father stay at home,  
    I do not want to go with him."

One day at Vidin they did dance the Kolo:  
    "Oh! let me, mother, go and see!"  
    "There is thy darling, go with him!"  
    "Oh, come, my sweetheart, come with  
        me!  
I'll dance the Kolo there with thee!"

J. W. W.

CXXXV

THE PRICE

HOW many towns from here to the coast?  
Seventy-seven sunlit towns,  
And villages green a thousand!  
And all of these I'd give for the street  
Where I my sweetheart first did meet,  
And e'en the street I'd give as the price  
To meet him again—aye, but for a trice!  
J. W. W.

CXXXVI

PREFERENCES

THREE maids were talking on a night,  
Upon a silvery moonlight night.  
They walked and talked of many things,  
They asked what each preferred to have.  
Two did listen to the eldest:  
"A castle white is what I'd like."  
Then two did hear the second say:  
"'Tis velvet blue with gold I like."  
Then two listened to the youngest:  
"A sweetheart true I would prefer.  
Should the castle all be ruined,  
My darling would rebuild it up;  
The velvet would with time wear out,  
My darling he could buy me more—  
A sweetheart true is richer store!"  
J. W. W.

CXXXVII

A BRIDE'S DEVOTION

A BRIDE most fair fed a swan and a lion,  
A swan and a lion and a falcon grey.  
To her came merchants from far away:  
"Sell us, sweet maid, your swan and your lion,  
This swan and this lion and falcon grey!"  
"Ye men from afar, go away, go away,  
My godfather cometh to see me wed,  
And this lion I tend till the time be sped;  
And for my true friend who best man shall be,  
This white swan I keep, and for none but he!  
But this falcon grey ye covet so much,  
'Tis my true love's own; none shall it touch."  
J. W. W.

CXXXVIII

FIDELITY

A YOUTH to God did pray,  
About his sweetheart dear,  
That he the gem might be  
Which trembled in her ear.

He wished to be the beads  
Reposing on her breast,  
That he might hear her say  
That she loved him best.



The prayer he prayed was heard  
A pearl beside the shore,  
His darling picked him up,  
And on her necklet bore.

He listened and he heard  
How true her loving heart:  
She told the other maids  
She ne'er from him would part.  
J. W. W.

CXXXIX

A SISTER'S LAMENT

SISTER was I of kingly brothers three,  
But now my kings are gone from me,  
Woe, woe, woe!

Better kingdoms they are asking,  
Better work than this world's tasking,  
And God will grant it, where they go,  
Better service He'll bestow,  
But for me, alas! Oh! woe!

So kingly brothers ne'er were known,  
Now my heart breaketh here alone.  
This world for me too dark is now,  
And I took dark for it, I trow!  
Woe, woe, woe!

J. W. W.

CXL

THE PRAYER OF KARAGEORGE'S LADY <sup>38</sup>

PRAYED of God the Karageorge's Lady!  
"Give me, God, to bear a maiden lovely,  
"Patternized by Carapića Vasa,  
"Grant us, O God, to choose name of beauty,  
"Name of beauty, precious gold of mother.  
"When shall come the baby, christen'd Goldie,  
"Swaddling clothes her mother will then make  
her,  
"Flowing clothes of linen for her infant,  
"All of silk and cloth of gold so beauteous,  
"As she's Goldie let gold bless her slumber.  
"When she's come to her little cradle,  
"Then her mother will make little cradle,  
"Little cradle of gold will she make her,  
"As she's Goldie, let cradle be golden.  
"When Goldie is grown up to be spinner,  
"Spinning-wheel her mother then will make  
her,  
"Of gold will she make her golden spindle,  
"As she's Goldie let her wheel be golden.  
"When Goldie knows how to embroider,  
"Golden frame her mother will then make her,  
"Of gold will she make her spinning trinket,  
"As she's Goldie, may her work be golden." <sup>39</sup>  
B. S. S.

CXLI

THOU ART EVER, EVER MINE <sup>40</sup>

O MY girl, O my soul,  
What does mother say to you?  
Will she marry you to me?  
Her son-in-law can I be?  
She might give you, she might not,  
Thou art ever, ever mine!

B. S. S.

CXLII

SEA MERCHANT <sup>41</sup>

LISTEN, my girl, listen, my beauty!  
Thy eyes are corals in the sea,  
I am a merchant on the sea  
Buying the riches of the sea.

Listen, my girl, listen, my beauty!  
Thy teeth are tiniest pearls,  
I am a merchant on the sea  
Buying tiniest pearls of the sea.

Listen, my girl, listen, my beauty!  
Thy hands are whiter than the wool,  
I am a merchant on the sea  
Trading in wool o'er the sea.

B. S. S.

CXLIII

ANGELA AS WATCHMAN <sup>42</sup>

FALCON is winging high,  
But the fortress gates are higher;  
And Angela is watching there  
Aureoled in sunshine,  
Belted with the moonbeams,  
And flowering with the stars.

B. S. S.

CXLIV

A LAD AND HIS BETROTHED <sup>43</sup>

LITTLE lad is wandering  
Through a wooded copse,  
Strutting with a green bough  
Walking down the slopes.  
Looking on a courtyard  
Sees young Jana sweeping:

"O thou pearl, my sweet one,  
Whence my ring in keeping?"  
Thus she answered proudly:  
"May thy brother know, perchance,  
And should it bring God's blessing  
He'll join our wedding dance."

B. S. S.

CXLV

DIREFUL SICKNESS <sup>44</sup>

WHAT shall I do, what shall I do?  
My nights are sleepless,  
My heart is so restless—  
Ah, sorrow, anew,  
I'll die,  
My love, for you.

B. S. S.

CXLVI

ALL AS IT SHOULD BE <sup>45</sup>

WHEN the sun sets at even,  
My love is just coming to me  
And when the moon has passed Heaven  
My lover is going from me.  
So the paths are all darken'd with shadow,  
Just as it should be, should be  
In shadow that no one can see.

B. S. S.

CXLVII

BEAUTY PREENS HERSELF <sup>46</sup>

FOR whom powders face so lovely, Beauty?  
For whom has she dropped her hair on shoulder,  
For whom is she wearing charms in bosom?

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Is it for Valach, or for a Magyar?  
It is not for Valach nor for Magyar,  
It is for this Stojan, mighty reaper,  
Who in Kolo always takes the leadship,  
When he's playing, every heart is touched,  
When he's dancing, dances like a puppet.  
B. S. S.

CXLVIII

HARVEST SONG <sup>47</sup>

HURRY, hurry, robust harvesters,  
At field's end there's water and a maiden,  
Cooling water, and a maiden youthful,  
Drink ye water, and embrace your maiden.  
B. S. S.

CXLIX

LONG NIGHT <sup>48</sup>

THESE are long nights, these are long nights,  
For him who does not kiss black eyes,  
He it is who cannot slumber,  
For his heart is pierced with sorrow.  
B. S. S.

CL

EYEBROW LURE <sup>49</sup>

OH, my girl, my sweetest flower,  
Curl not ends of eyebrow bower,  
Do not grieve your youthful laddies,  
As your way doth torment me:  
Leading horse, I wander barefoot—  
Carrying boots, I wander barefoot—  
Bearing bread, I cannot eat it—  
Treading water, cannot drink it.

B. S. S.

CLI

GIRLHOOD <sup>50</sup>

GIRLHOOD was my golden tsardom!  
Tsar was I while girlhood lasted;  
Ah, if I could turn me backward,  
Well I know how I'd live girlhood.

B. S. S.

CLII

YOUTH WITH YOUTH <sup>51</sup>

ON the river Sitnitsa  
Little green fir standeth!  
Who's young and stripling,  
Youth with green youth sleepeth.  
Ah, but see that youthful Jovo,  
All alone is he,  
Seeing that the youthful Mara  
Joins him secretly.

B. S. S.

CLIII

COME, MY LOVER, TO ME <sup>52</sup>

FULL and thick is shadow,  
Come, my love, to meadow,  
For I've a verdant garden,  
Red roses for a warden;  
Golden kerchief will I make thee,  
Christmas gift of love from me,  
To carry so splendidly  
In the memory of thy darling.

B. S. S.



CLIV

SIGHS <sup>53</sup>

OH my heart, I feel me sighing,  
Methinks that my lover calls me to him,  
But in truth my sweetheart's love hath ceased.  
Cried out falcon from a fir branch lofty:  
"O girl lovely! Sinfully you are speaking,  
"Only past night your love called you lovely,  
"Drinking wine unto your bounteous pleasure:  
'O my girl, my soul of me most dearest,  
'I have made for thee a hiding,  
'Half my bed and half my arm,  
'Half a pillow, half a cover,  
'Half a cushion, heart of mine in bosom.'"

B. S. S.

CLV

A BOUQUET OF LITTLE ROSES <sup>54</sup>

O GIRL of my soul, my soul,  
Take this bunch of rosebuds neat,  
Should thy bouquet fade and fail,  
Come once more, my soul, to me  
I will pluck again for thee.

B. S. S.

CLVI

DREAM INTERPRETATION <sup>55</sup>

DARLING sweetheart on his free arm sleeping,  
Makes he motion to sound gong in waking:  
"Awake, my dear, dearer than mine own eyes,  
"Last night I a strange dream was a-dreaming:  
"My fez swept 'way on the troubled water,  
"Pearls were strewing richly in my lap-robe,  
"And my watch in pieces four was broken."  
Sweetheart waking, calmly speaking this-wise:  
"Easy is it to interpret dreaming,  
"That your fez was swept by troubled water  
"Means you're to go forth to battle army;  
"That pearls richly scatter'd in your lap-robe  
"Must mean our tears, thine with mine are mingling;  
"That your watch in pieces four was broken  
"Means in truth that our hearts will be breaking  
"When we're forced to take leave of each other."  
B. S. S.

CLVII

WITH SWEETHEART NIGHTS ARE  
SHORTEST <sup>56</sup>

CYCLONE downward rumbling,  
All the castle trembling.  
In castle is a girl  
Crying, never ceasing:

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"Alas, how long nights are!  
"When sleeping near to papa;  
"On nine soft mattresses,  
"On nine softest cushions,  
"'Neath nine fine coverlets."

"Alas, how long nights are!  
"When sleeping near to mother;  
"On nine soft mattresses,  
"On nine softest cushions,  
"'Neath nine fine coverlets."

"Alas, how long nights are!  
"When sleeping near to brother;  
"On nine soft mattresses,  
"On nine softest cushions,  
"'Neath nine fine coverlets."

"Alas, how long nights are!  
"When sleeping near to sister;  
"On nine soft mattresses,  
"On nine softest cushions,  
"'Neath nine fine coverlets."

Cyclone downward rumbling,  
All the castle trembling.  
In castle is a girl  
Crying, never ceasing:  
"Alas, how short the nights are!  
"Sleeping with my darling,  
"Just on single mattress,  
"On a single pillow,  
"'Neath a single cover."

B. S. S.

CLVIII

DAWN AWAKENED LAZAR <sup>57</sup>

'WAKENING Lazar dawn was stealing:  
"Get up, Lazar; rise up, Lazar!  
"Horse of thine has thirst for water."  
Forthwith up leaps Lazar quickly,  
Grasps his horse's bridle lightly,  
Leading horse, he goes to water,  
But at water's edge was maiden,  
With his foot he touched hers gently,  
Kissed the while her black eyes sparkling,  
Clasping her about the bosom.

B. S. S.

CLIX

A DEVILISH YOUNG MATRON <sup>58</sup>

WHEN I lived a girl with mother,  
Good advice was given me often,  
That I should not drink the red wine,  
That I should not wear green wreathlets,  
That I shouldn't kiss a stranger.  
But I poor girl deeply thinking over:  
There's no red cheek without red wine sparkling,  
There's no pleasure without green wreath  
glistening,  
Neither amour without stranger wooer.

B. S. S.

CLX

GIRL IS ETERNAL POSSESSION <sup>59</sup>

IN a garden works a maiden,  
Digging furrow, water decoy,  
To the garden 'luring water,  
To give drink to early flowers,  
Early flowers, whitest basil,  
Whitest basil, gold carnation;  
Where she's furrowing, there she's sleeping.  
Putting head in sweetest basil,  
Hands are lying in carnations,  
Feet are plac'd in shallow hollow,  
Covered with a fragile kerchief;  
Beat upon her dew-drops slender,  
Like a rain-soaked watermelon.  
Now there comes a callow youth,  
Callow youth and not yet married,  
Grasping two posts, leaps the railing,  
Springing lightly into garden,  
Then commences soliloquizing:  
"Should I pluck a bunch of flowers?  
"Should I kiss a sleeping maiden?  
"Bunch of flowers lasts till mid-day,  
"But a maiden lasts forever."

B. S. S.

CLXI

JOVO AND MARIA <sup>60</sup>

BREEZE fans up o'er roses 'long the meadow,  
To the rich white tent of Jovo, youthful,  
Where there's Jovo with Maria sitting:  
Jovo writing and Maria sewing;  
Ink runs short for Jovo where he's writing,  
And Maria golden thread is losing,  
Then to Maria, Jovo thus is speaking:  
"Oh, my Maria, mine own cherish'd lov'd one!  
"Is my soul to thee a dear possession?  
"For a pillow is my right hand doughty?"  
Mara to him gently whispering slowly:  
"Believe me, Jovo, darling of my heart-throb,  
"Dearer to me is thy soul much dearer,  
"Than are altogether four of brothers;  
"Softer to me thy own right hand doughty,  
"Than four softest pillows of my choosing."  
B. S. S.

CLXII

ROSE TREE <sup>61</sup>

PLANTED rose-tree midst of Novi-Sad town,  
O my rose-bud, O my sorrow rose tree,  
Cannot pick you, neither give you sweetheart:  
For my sweetie vents her anger on me,  
Gliding past my courtyard stealthy,  
Like the slave who passes Turkish graveyard.  
B. S. S.

CLXIII

DARLING'S WRATH <sup>62</sup>

O MY darling, be not wrathful;  
Should I, myself, show my hot displeasure,  
All of Bosnia never could appease us,  
Not all Bosnia nor the Hercegovina.  
B. S. S.

CLXIV

LAD PIERCED WITH ARROW <sup>63</sup>

ALAS hero I'm with arrow pierced,  
O my Yetsa, thy white face is guilty,  
Thy black eye-balls are the piercing arrows,  
Thy white arms are now a very torment.  
Come, my love bird, to my white court homing,  
Come to heal my heart's own sore displeasure,  
To bind up my wounds with thy throat's whiteness,  
To salve suffering with thy honey kisses.  
B. S. S.

CLXV

NOUGHT BUT KISSES <sup>64</sup>

UP and down went youth in mountain,  
In a garden, girl round fountain;  
On her threw he hawthorn red,—  
Lightly answering, blackthorn sped,—  
Think you they intend to kill?  
Nought but kisses that they will.

B. S. S.

CLXVI

UNITED <sup>65</sup>

LITTLE girl, the small black-eyed,  
Hero, wondering stupefied:  
‘Had we means of barter!  
To lead us near together!  
I my life long would not quit her,  
None could make our friendship wither.’

B. S. S.

CLXVII

GIRL PLEADS WITH JEWELLER <sup>66</sup>

OH, my jeweller, for your trade's sake, listen!  
Make me hero, all of gold my hero,  
I will spoil him, as his mother dares not,  
I will kiss him until dawns the twilight,  
Till day breaks ever will caress him.

B. S. S.



CLXVIII

WIFE DEARER THAN SISTER <sup>67</sup>

LO! behold behind the forest  
Someone loudly screams—  
“ ’Tis a voice,” says youthful hero,  
“Girlish-like it seems.”  
When behold! he looked and spied her,  
Tiny girl, tree-bound they’d tied her,  
With fine silken seams.  
Hear! she prays of youthful hero, dazzled by his  
    might:  
“Come to me, thou youthful hero, O most beaut-  
    eous, wonderknight.  
Come to free me, youthful hero, and I’ll be thy  
    sister true.”  
Thus she spake, but laughing he, “O, there’s one at  
    home like you.”  
“Come to free me then, my brother; sister-in-law  
    I’ll be no other.”  
    (‘But at home she sits by mother.’)  
“Then I’ll be thy golden bride.  
Take me to thy meadows wide,  
Take me to thy castles white,  
Take me, take me from this plight.”  
So she spake to gallant lover,  
Hovering near and just above her,  
Clasps her in his arms to love her—  
Such a gallant knight!

B. S. S.

CLXIX

GREATEST SORROW <sup>68</sup>

ALL young heroes here save mine,  
All young gallant heroes brave.  
O! that I were sure he'd tarry,  
Lingering in some sickness grave,  
Rather than the wish to marry  
Sends him courting another maid.  
O! may he be too ill to travel,  
May him dread illness cause to pine,  
Rather than to court another,  
Never, never to be mine.

B. S. S.

CLXX

YOUTH AND GIRL <sup>69</sup>

O MAIDEN, thou gentlest rose  
When thou wert growing what didst thou behold?

Hast thou observed a pine-tree growing  
Or the slender, proud fir-tree blowing,  
Or did'st gaze at my youngest brother?—

O glad, young hero, brilliant Sun!  
Never at the pine-tree blowing  
Have I look'd in wonder gazing  
Neither at the slender fir-tree,  
Nor thy youngest brother, free,  
Rather have I grown to suit thee,  
Tender knight, to suit but thee.

B. S. S.

## NOTES

1. This song as also those signed "S. J. B." has been transversified and published by (Sir) John Bowring, "Servian Popular Poetry," London, 1827.

2. The Serbian peasants, especially women, firmly believe that saints, parents, rulers, bishops and clergymen have the privilege of cursing and that the person to whom the curse is addressed is bound to undergo the consequences pronounced by the curser. There are several instances in the Serbian heroic ballads by which it is proven that the national Serbian bards, and indeed all the peasants who participated in the composition of their epic poetry, believe that curses pronounced by privileged persons always come true. Thus in the ballad *Uros and Mrnjavcevic* King Vukasin of Macedonia, angry with his son Marko Kralyevich because the latter, when chosen for arbiter, said that the imperial crown belonged to Carevic Uros and not to him (Vukasin), exclaimed:

"O son Marko, may God smother thee!  
Mayest thou have no tomb, nor progeny  
May thy soul not leave thy body  
Before thou hast served the Turkish emperor!"

While Marko's kingly father cursed him, Carevic Uros blesses him thus:

"O my Kum Marko, God second thee!  
Thy face shine at divan  
Thy sabre smother in duels!  
May no one excel thee in heroism  
Thy name be reverently remembered.  
As long as Sun and Moon shine!"

And the bard finishes his poem with, "Whatever they said, it came true."

Another oral tradition tells us how a nobleman *Velimir Bogati* (Velimir the Rich) who once refused hos-

pitality to Knez Lazar, the emperor of Serbia (1389), was cursed by the noble prince and how Velimir's first son indeed drowned himself in the river Lepenica, his second son fell from his horse and died in consequence of the accident and how his third, and now only son, was imprisoned by his father in one of the remotest towers of his castle in order to avoid any danger of experiencing the prince's curse. One day, however, Velimir Bogati brought to his imprisoned son some grapes from his own vineyard, in order that the poor young fellow should at least know what time of the year it was, and lo! while the boy was eating the grapes a small viper jumped out of the bunch and mortally bit him. The news of the sudden death of the young nobleman spread rapidly amongst the neighboring villages and fortified the peasants in their belief that one cannot escape the curse.

Par extension a *kletva* (curse) can be effective even if pronounced, as in the above song, by other persons than those privileged.

Another saga narrates how a peasant greedily coveted and wished to appropriate a corn field that belonged to his neighbour and, in order to attain his evil end, he buried in the middle of that field his only son whom he had previously taught what to say when interrogated. The judge and the plaintiffs came with the defender to the spot and the mischievous peasant in order to mystify those present, exclaimed: "O black earth, speak of thy own free will, to whom dost thou rightly belong?"

"I belong to thee," the voice from below was heard.

The lawful owner, hearing this, started aback. And the judge's verdict appointed the field to belong to the covetous and wrong claimant. And the parties dispersed in wonder.

Then the father began to dig the ground in order to disinter his son. But—there was not the shadow of one! He called loudly and the child answered the call but the voice from beneath the earth was ever fainter and fainter. Finally the child turned to a mole.

Thus became, according to Serbian tradition, the first mole. (Edit.)

3. Sir John Bowring, although a remarkable transversifier and at times a true interpreter of popular songs of the Slavs, has taken too much of that *licentia poetica* in his rendering of this, one of the most beautiful lyrics ever composed by Serbian peasant women. The reader may judge for himself, when comparing Sir John Bowring's liberal transversification with the following *verbatim* translation (which he, himself, felt absolutely indispensable to reproduce) what a great injustice is inflicted upon the popular songs of any people by even the most conscientious transversifier and how infinitely less untrue to the original a rendering can be. (Edit.)

Of this little poem, which Goethe calls "wonderful," the following is an almost literal translation:

Full of wine, white branches of the vine-trees  
To white Buda's fortress white had clung them:  
No! it was no vine-tree, white and pregnant!  
No! it was a pair of faithful lovers,  
From their early youth betrothed together.  
Now they are compell'd to part untimely.  
One address'd the other at their parting,  
"Go! my soul! burst out and leave my bosom!  
Thou wilt find a hedge-surrounded garden,  
And a red-rose branch within the garden;  
Pluck a rose from off the branch, and place it,  
Place it on thy heart, within thy bosom;  
Then behold!—ev'n as that rose is fading,  
Fades my heart within thy heart thou loved one!"  
And thus answer'd then the other lover:  
"Thou, my soul! turn back a few short paces.  
There thou wilt discern a verdant forest;  
In it is a fount of crystal water;  
In the fount there is a block of marble;  
On the marble block a golden goblet;  
In the goblet thou wilt find a snow-ball.  
Love! take out that snow-ball from the goblet,  
Lay it on thy heart within thy bosom;  
See it melt—and as it melts, my lov'd one!  
So my heart within thy heart is melting."

(S. J. B.)

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4. This song has obviously been composed by a Serbian woman of Mohammedan faith. A large percentage of Serbians in Bosnia, Hercegovina and even Macedonia are still adhering to the Koran. Ali Bey surely must have been a Serbian bey. (Edit.)

5. Smilia, the *grapharium arenarium*, or "lovely love." Also a woman's name. (S. J. B.)

6. This song is sung at the close of the harvest, when all the reapers are gathered together. Half as many reeds as the number of persons present are so bound that no one can distinguish the two ends which belong to the same reed. Each man takes one end of the reeds on one side, each of the women takes one end at the other. The withes that bind the reeds are severed, and the couples that hold the same reed kiss one another. (S. J. B.)

7. *Kalpak*, the fur cap of the Serbians. (S. J. B.)

8. This is one of the songs sung at the breaking up of the company, addressed to the giver of the festival. (S. J. B.)

9. *Musko cedo* (male child). The male sex is in Serbia, as elsewhere, deemed entitled to more care and attention than the other. (S. J. B.)

10. A handkerchief embroidered and given by a girl to a boy is considered in Yugoslavia as a symbol of love and faith. (Edit.)

11. As unfortunately Serbian parents often, very often, select the husband of their marriageable daughter, the poor girl, unless disobedient and rebellious, meekly accedes to the choice even if her bridegroom should be an old man. This is obviously a remnant of Turkish dominion in Serbia. (Edit.)

12. *Zvezda*, star, is of the feminine gender. (S. J. B.)

13. Sun is feminine in Serbian. (S. J. B.)

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14. The leech, *Sanguisuga*; but in Serbian there is no disagreeable association with the word. It is the name usually employed to describe the beauty of the eyebrows, as swallows' wings are the simile used for eyelashes. (S. J. B.)

15. *Visnja*, the universal Slavonian name of the Vis-tula cherry-tree. The *Cerasum apronianum* of Linné. (S. J. B.)

16. The *Vila* nearly corresponds to the *Peri* of the Persians, and the *Wöla* of the Scandinavians. (S. J. B.)

17. *Radisa* is the name of a man. *Radovanje*—joy. (S. J. B.)

18. *Lepota* is the Serbian word for beauty. (S. J. B.)

19. I shall be accused of having *decorated* this. The translation is more free than I have generally given; but in order to show how little I have deviated from the thought of the original, I give the conclusion. (S. J. B.)

“Ako bi te u pjesmu pjevala,  
Pjesma ide od usta do usta,  
Pa ce doci u pogana usta;  
Ako bi te u rukave vezla,  
Rukav ce se odma izderati,  
Pa ce tvoje ime poginuti;  
Ako bi te u knjigu pisala  
Knjiga ide od ruke do ruke,  
Pa ce doci u pogane ruke.”

Vuk i. p. 200

20. The popular national dance of the Serbians. (S. J. B.)

21. *Bosiljak*, the *Ocimum basilicum* of Linné. (S. J. B.)

22. As the Serbians have had during the long Ottoman rule to attend to much sterner duties than that of cultivating literature and art, and, as the greater part

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of the population (sixty per cent. at least) are even to this day completely illiterate, ability to read and write is still considered an 'art' with the peasantry. (Edit.)

23. *Kaloper*, balsamita vulgaris of Linné. (S. J. B.)

24. *Vila* (pronounced veelah) is with the Serbians a female deity (Muse or Grace) of incomparable beauty and tenderness. But she can be very hostile to mortals. (Cf. note 16. Edit.)

25. The cuckoo (*Kukavica*), according to Serbian tradition, was a maiden who mourned so unceasingly for a dead brother, that she was changed into a bird, and thence continues without rest her melancholy note. A Serbian girl who has lost a brother never hears a cuckoo without shedding tears.—"I a poor cuckoo," is equivalent to "woe is me!" (S. J. B.)

26. *Ban* is obviously a corrupt form of the Polish or Cech or Ruthenian title *Pan*, meaning "Mr." or, in direct address, "Sir." To this day that word has been conserved only by those Serbians who have lived in the Austro-Hungarian territory called Croatia, and is applied as a title to their political chief. (Edit.)

27. *Lado* is the vocative of *Lada*, the goddess of love, in the old Slavonian mythology. *Lado!* is a melancholy interjection in Serbian, whereas *Lele!* the vocative of *Lela*, the god of love, has frequently a cheerful association. *Polela* (after love) the goddess of marriage, is also sometimes apostrophised. Talvj remarks, that *Ljad*, in Russian, signifies misfortune. In common parlance, *Lele mene* (Serbian) imports "Woe is me!" (S. J. B.)

28. *Mlinar*, the miller. (S. J. B.)

29. Wesely imagines that this expression has been introduced into Serbian poetry by the influence of the interesting ballad on the marriage of Maxim Cernojevic (see *Quarterly Review* for December, 1826). The intimate intercourse which existed between Serbia and Venice may account for the phraseology. (S. J. B.)



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30. This song, as also others signed "O. M.", has been transversified by Robert Bulwer Lytton (Owen Meredith), "Serbske Pesme; or National Songs of Serbia," London, 1861. (Edit.)

31. *Kolo*, signifying literally a wheel, is the generic term for all the Serbian national dances in most of which the dancers, either taking hands, or united each to each by a handkerchief tied round the waist or to the girdle, form a ring and advance or retreat to and from the centre to a monotonous music, either of the voice or some very simple wind instruments. Both sexes take part in these dances, which are frequently in the open air. (O. M.)

32. This song as also those signed "J. W. W.", has been transversified and published by J. W. Wiles, "Serbian Songs and Poems: Chords of the Yugoslav Harp," New York, 1917.

33. *Hodza*, i. e. Mohammedan priest. (J. W. W.)

34. Turkish seminary. (J. W. W.)

35. *Kalfa*, governess. (J. W. W.)

36. *Koledó*: In ancient times the Serbians, as all the Slavs, often used this word as a refrain in their bucolic songs. It was an address to *Ledo*, the ancient Slav divinity who presided over the process of fertility and protected fields and flowers. (J. W. W.)

37. Loud lamentations, by women rather than men, are an ancient custom among the Serbs. These dirges are again and again extemporized with spontaneous poetic feeling. Girls let down their hair and lament in the orchards and precincts of the house. (J. W. W.)

38. This song, as well as others signed "B. S. S.," has been rendered into English by the Editor.

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39. "The Prayer of Karageorge's Lady" is number 685 of Vol. I of Vuk Karadzic's collection. (Edition of 1891.)

40	No. 428	Vol. I.	(Edition of 1891).
41	" 445	" "	" " "
42	" 468	" "	" " "
43	" 474	" "	" " "
44	" 581	" "	" " "
45	" 792	" "	" " "
46	" 765	" "	" " "
47	" 247	" "	" " "
48	" 314	" "	" " "
49	" 338	" "	" " "
50	" 409	" "	" " "
51	" 446	" V.	(Edition of 1898).
52	" 298	" "	" " "
53	" 279	" "	" " "
54	" 335	" I.	(Edition of 1891).
55	" 309	" V.	(Edition of 1898).
56	" 294	" I.	(Edition of 1891).
57	" 466	" "	" " "
58	" 459	" "	" " "
59	" 453	" "	" " "
60	" 287	" "	" " "
61	" 472	" "	" " "
62	" 473	" "	" " "
63	" 482	" "	" " "
64	" 487	" "	" " "
65	" 488	" "	" " "
66	" 491	" "	" " "
67	" 300	" "	" " "
68	" 359	" "	" " "
69	" 422	" "	" " "













